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From the Author

DE VAVASOUR.

VOL. I.

DE VAVASOUR:

A TALE

OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

(by the Earl of Blessington)

A true knight!
Not yet mature, yet matchless: firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives—what thinks, he shows:
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

It is usual, on a first appearance, to say something, either by way of coaxing the public to read, or softening the asperities of the critic. Well then, to our say.

The author has often visited the ruined and romantically-situated castles of Montleans and Roussillon; but he can assure the reader, that he did not find this history in either of those interesting buildings; nor did he find any thing else, except, one day, a solitary hare in the former castle: on the contrary, he often lost his way; and on one never-to-be-forgotten day, he lost also the anticipated pleasure of a déjeûner à la fourchette, ordered in the château, but consumed by two French servants, who took the trouble, not only to carry, but to devour the same.

To digest his anger instead of his breakfast, the disappointed and hungry expectant strolled around, viewed the ivy-coloured battlements, and pictured in his own mind what were the characters of its former inhabitants.

A history of Vienne suggested many ideas; and gradually the following (interesting, as we hope,) production was finished. It was originally written in four volumes, but judiciously cut down into three; and in this shape the public will decide whether it was fortunate that the author was disappointed of his luncheon, or whether it would have been better that his stomach had been filled, and, as a great poet used to say, by that means his head made heavy.

The author has endeavoured to adhere strictly to chronology, and to characterize, as faithfully as his abilities would permit, the persons who, during the period described, trod the fields of war, or dallied in the bowers of love. The critics will say that there is a superfluity of eating and drinking, and fighting—but what were the occupations of chevaliers?—feasting and fighting. What filled

up the duties of their lives? — devotion to the fair sex!

If, therefore, these be the alpha and omega of the fourteenth century, the critic must be pleased to let feasting and fighting flourish.

The characters may be considered as too prominent: let those who think so recollect that the work has been reduced, and the historical descriptions, as well as Latin quotations, cut out; for which the reader ought, as in duty bound, to be grateful, and submit to a superiority of action over repose. Some may think Robert d'Artois forced into interest at too late a period: the fortunes of that prince had not only a great effect upon the hero of this tale, but also on the rival kingdoms; and his appearing in the last volume in a more prominent light, is, because the fourth, as before said, has been voted supernumerary. Others may think De Vavasour not sufficiently prominent: the fact is, that the author feels himself incapable of writing up to his beau-idéal of a hero.

If the public, generally, approves of the present work, the author may be tempted to proceed in the course of time; but if De Vavasour be coldly received, he will be saved from waste of eye-sight, and destruction of pens and paper.

DE VAVASOUR.

CHAP. I.

THE TRAVELLERS.

THE last rays of a brilliant autumnal sun were illuminating the horizon, and casting into masses of shade the towers and outworks of Vienne, when the attention of a piquet of cavalry was directed to four strangers, who had alighted from their horses, and were watching with anxiety the fading luminary.

Vienne, one of the most ancient cities of France, had been originally built by the Allobroges. It was subsequently colonized by the Romans, who expended large sums in ornamenting the city, and

in establishing it as a proud specimen of Italian grandeur.

After the destruction of the Roman empire, Vienne had been ravaged by the Moors of Spain, and that quarter of the city had been burned which lay on the opposite bank of the Rhone, and which is now called St. Columbe.

The Burgundians in later days became possessed of this territory, and constituted Vienne the capital of their second kingdom. This city was one of the first which adopted the principles of the Christian faith: the cathedral of St. Maurice was constructed from the remains of ancient magnificence, and with its pagan ornaments presented a striking contrast of bacchanal beauties placed side by side with hosts of chubby and smiling cherubs.

During the time of Constantine, Vienne was held to be the only suitable mart where a soldier could purchase his sword, and for a long period "your Vienne was your only wear." It is not necessary to detain the reader with any more lengthened description; suffice it for the pre-

sent to observe, that Frederick, Emperor of Germany, had in the twelfth century confided the city and its territories to the care of the archbishop, with rights of sovereignty, and that the seigneurs of the neighbouring country were, as his vassals, obliged in time of war or danger to furnish troops, provisions, and money, to the princely prelate.

The kings of France, the dukes of Burgundy, and counts of Dauphiné, were anxious to obtain possession of this important territory; hitherto, however, the archbishop had been able to maintain his rights: but it required constant vigilance, and a large armed force, for the support of which it was necessary to lay heavy burdens on the people, which checked their trade, and rendered the Viennese dissatisfied with their governor.

In 1312, the famous council was held at the Château du Pont, which decided on the abolition of the knights templars. Philippe, with his whole court, and Clement V. were present. Five years before this period, the pope had acceded to

the wishes of the king, and the destruction of the order had been determined on. Two centuries had elapsed since the foundation of this order, which was patronized by Philippe of crusading memory.

The templars soon became loaded with honors and wealth: valour is esteemed by all; chastity by some; and poor pilgrims require protection: but unfortunately bravery and protection of pilgrims were the only virtues that existed among these greedy and ambitious warriors.

Their wealth increased in proportion to the decrease of their virtue; and at last, what with wealth and vice, they became odious even to popes, and envied even by kings. "Give a dog a bad name, &c." is an old and true proverb; and historians say that the charges brought against the templars were past belief. In order to show the moderation of the accusers, it may be mentioned that Jaques de Molay, the commander of the order, as he could neither read nor write, demanded the aid of counsel, for which he said he had not a

sous to pay: this was refused, under the pretext, that in matters of heresy, there should be neither counsel nor lawyer allowed.

The property of the knights templars was assigned to the hospitaliers de Saint Jean de Jerusalem (knights of Malta); and thus ended a trial the most iniquitous in its conduct, (though perhaps just in its end,) that ever disgraced a court of justice.

At this period Vienne contained thirty thousand inhabitants. The abbeys were regally endowed, the palace superb, and the archbishop was honored with the title of primate of all the primacies of Gaul.

The view of this ancient city was sufficiently grand to arrest the attention of the traveller. There were few situations which presented such an appearance of strength and grandeur. Descending from a steep hill, the square towers of Fort Pipet, the remnants of Pompey's Citadel, the spires of the gothic cathedral, the lines of circumvallation, and the majestic Rhone, traversed by a Roman bridge, guarded on each side by castles

and towers, were sufficient to strike the traveller with a sensation scarcely describable. But neither the sensations of awe, nor delight, were felt by the contemplating strangers. They watched the setting sun, and not the glowing bed to which he seemed to retire: they saw indeed the Rhone rapidly rolling to its home the sea, tinged with the numerous colors which bright reflections give; but still their thoughts recurred to the lateness of the hour at which they had arrived, after a fatiguing ride, from Lyons, (for in those days the roads were what we should deem impassable,) and an anxious wish arose to discover a path which would conduct them to their destination, without necessitating them to enter the fortified city.

The leaders of the party knew as little of Vienne, or of those to whom it belonged, as they did of each other; but they ought to have known, that in troubled times like theirs, (for the events we are about to relate occurred in the early part of the fourteenth century,) strangers were strictly examined before they were permitted to see the interior of a walled city after sun-set.

If the thermes of the Cæsars, the palaces of the emperors and prætors, the temples of Jupiter, Mars, and Janus, the theatre, amphitheatre, and naumachium, pantheon, gymnasium, and Campus Martius, had existed in all their pristine grandeur—the travellers would at that moment have preferred a view of their journey's end, and a hearty meal, to all the sublimity of Roman magnificence.

But the die was cast, the cavalry advanced, and the partie quarrée were conveyed to the gate adjoining the ruins of the tower named that of Pontius Pilate; which tradition stated to have once been the prison of that Roman præfect.

At the outpost the usual ceremonies were gone through, and remarks made, but no inclination to hasten their departure seemed apparent; on the contrary, the guard patrolled and stared.—The officer in command was not to be found, and the subalterns durst not (as they alleged) assume any power.

We know not what were the fashionable words used in those days for the purposes of imprecation; but whatever they were, we have no

doubt that the leader did not fail to make use of them.

The party had left Lyons at break of day, but unfortunately lost their way; and after much hard riding, found themselves on the road to Grenoble, and at St. Laurent, instead of St. Symphorien. This mistake caused their arrival after sun-set, and consequent detention. The young gallant was of too haughty a character to vent his complaints aloud; but in his own thoughts he certainly coupled the guards with Lucifer's legions, and wished Vienne formed a part of his Satanic majesty's dominions.

CHAP. II.

THE GUARD-HOUSE.

In the days of Elizabeth, William Shakspeare, of poetic memory, spoke of "Patience on a monument smiling at grief:" and in modern days some quaint writer has mentioned Patience in a punt grinning at gudgeons; but in those days of which we treat, young gentlemen in a new suit of mail did not trouble themselves about monuments, knew nothing of gudgeon-fishing, and never heard or read any treatise on Patience.

No passenger could possibly say, looking at the gallant youth, "Stat patientia vultu;" on the contrary, he kicked his heels against the pavement, struck his spear against the iron bolts of the gate, and began now to curse very audibly both in English and French; but his guards seemed perfectly careless whether he was pleased or displeased at

his detention, and continued to loll on their posts, and joke with the girls returning from their marketing to their homes.

Fortunately for the travellers, a young officer, who commanded the relief, was struck with the appearance of the youth who was evidently the chief person of the party, and addressed him with frankness and courtesy. A brief answer explained the circumstances in which they were placed; and without loss of time, the officer conducted them to the main guard, which was maintained in the Château du Pont.

A cheerful fire blazed upon the hearth, and the newly mounted guard were speedily occupied in arranging their arms and accoutrements, preparing for their supper and dominos, and endeavouring to make themselves as comfortable as duty and flies would permit. Not that the latter-mentioned gentry annoyed them personally; for though travellers feel the inconvenience of a fly's preparation to die, namely, stinging man and beast, yet these natives had not flesh fit for their delicate feeding: but the busy insects established themselves in their

wine, on their fruit or their bread, so as to make these all appear so many black masses.

The unexpected arrival of the captain with his three détenus made what is called a sensation. Old Dorothée had not seen such a sight for many a weary day; she muttered and stumbled, and tottered and grumbled, without producing any advancement in their cause or her own. The fourth traveller being a conductor of baggage, or what we call a groom, had been sent to the hostelry to take care of the horses, and by the kindness of the sub-officer, was accompanied by two armed personages, merely to look after him and his goods. The deténus were accommodated with seats, and the soldiers consulted together as to the best mode of entertaining the new comers.

"I am afraid, Henriquez, they will not like this sour wine: ask the captain for a piece of money, and we will send over to Dame Leonore; she has some of the right stuff." The captain, having dispatched a messenger to the governor, drew the young leader aside, and whispered in his ear that there was another apartment prepared by Dorothée

Having complied with the soldiers' request as to the treat money, the captain led the way, and they found a small but comfortable room, which the brilliant blaze of the vine-stalks illuminated so as to produce the effect of polished mirrors, by its reflection on the breast-plates, cuisses, and helmets that encumbered the walls.

Having closed the door, Dorothée opened with a spring a small iron-bound enclosure, and brought forth an excellent bottle of vin de Côte-rôtie, for which the neighbourhood of Vienne has long been famous. The goblets were of silver, and looked like the plunder of some princely table; but it is not the business of travellers to inquire how soldiers or their followers acquire their property: the youth was besides anxious to do honor to his new acquaintance, and consequently had no time for impertinent questions. The bottle received that ample justice which its virtue merited, and the enlivening juice set the tongue of the entertainer au galop. "Sacre!" cries the young officer, "how the governor will curse me for interrupting him at the hour of sun-set! the precise moment of setting

the guard is the precursor of one of his three felicities. Déjeûner, dîner, souper, are the three Graces to him; or as he calls them, 'Prandium primum, secundum, tertium,' one, two, three and away—on or off, as we soldiers say of a young recruit mounted for the first effort. The black canon counts the hours, and when he leaves primum, he thinks of secundum, and winds up with tertium. But even in his meals, the general prevails over the canon, and he is summoned by a trumpet instead of a bell to a repast, which, as he says, Lucullus might envy; and we all know the Roman's observation to his cook:—'Lucullus sups with Lucullus.' Ha, ha, ha, how the stingy scoundrel will stamp when he receives my report! How he will waver between leaving his supper to come here, and ordering you to be brought before him! If he comes here, his supper will grow cold, and be spoiled; if he sends for us, and you prove to be a person of that rank and quality which your appearance denotes, he will feel compelled to invite you to partake of his hospitality, and increase the consumption of his

wine, which, entre nous, is of la première qualité. Le gueux dares not keep a traveller one moment after he is appealed to; willing or not, he must attend or receive his congé; mais, entre nous, your humble servant is perhaps the only man in the garrison, who after sun-set would have ventured to—"

The harangue and the bottle were interrupted by the pass-word "Saracena," and speedily the captain was in the Salle de Garde, where the soldiers had been entertaining their guests with fly-bitten fruit and some vin ordinaire.

The novelty of the present event, which was no less than the arrival of his dignified excellence the governor, had thrown the inhabitants of the town, as well as the inmates of the tower, into confusion.

The train which accompanied his excellency from Fort Pipet alarmed the population, and all was inquiry.—No one could give an answer, but every one could talk, and the lungs of the Viennese are certainly of sound composition, and upon the slightest occasion strongly appealed to. While the soldiers were running about here and there,

the companion of the young stranger was quietly but rapidly employed in "draining down" large draughts, not of Rhenish, but of Côte.

The fresh wine had been brought in during the bustle, and the travellers seized it. "Well done, Dame Leonore! (said one,) this may qualify that accursed vinegar, which these good people falsely term wine." To do this traveller justice, he was a person not easily put out of his way, and, meaning no harm, he expected none. He was ready at a call with a lie to serve, or a bravado to save, his friend: but with all his affection for lying, and all his hatred to fighting, he was a jovial, kind-hearted, pleasant fellow, who knew more of the merits of eau-de-vie than logic or Latinity, and thought a bottle of good Burgundy worth all the arguments which the college of Sorbonne ever produced. A summons, by three strokes of a halberd against a shield, announced that the governor was ready, and into his presence the travellers were brought. But stay! A governor is a personage of too great consequence abroad not to have a chapter to himself. The governor of a fort, in modern times, is gene-

rally a person of military rank who resides elsewhere; but a governor of Vienne, which towards France "displayed its walled powers," was a tried confidential officer of high military knowledge; and therefore, to do justice to him, as well as towards our readers, "we will stay and pause awhile."

CHAP. III.

THE EXAMINATION.

The gay and loquacious captain was transformed into the stiff and solemn soldier, as he marched at the head of his halberdiers, and formed them in single files on either side of the apartment.

The governor was pacing up, and evidently wishing the captain, the travellers, with all concerned, at the devil, and himself at his matelottes de truites, his chapon aux truffes, and his St. Peray à la glace. The soldiers had hastily lighted a huge brass lamp, which scarcely did more than make darkness visible.

The apartment was gloomy and chill. This may be accounted for in the first instance from its vast size, and in the second from its not having been used since the council of 1312 had sat there on the important business, before mentioned, of suppressing the knights templars.

The character of the governor was not one of urbanity or condescension, and the knowledge of this induced travellers to visit the city of Vienne during broad daylight only. Advice to that effect had been given to the present party by a person high in the confidence of the commandant at Lyons.

When the lamp began to dispel the gloom of the vast apartment, the détenus displayed a strong contrast to the governor and his guards. His excellency rested against a table of enormous size and massive form, on which lay his Vienna, a weapon of no inconsiderable character. He seemed occupied in thought; but in fact was eyeing, from beneath his heavy and overhanging brows, the martial figure of the dignified youth whom he was about to examine. Instead of the

spur of chivalry, the traveller wore that usually employed in the chase; but the whole figure, from the rampant lionceau on the helmet to the polished toe of his steel-clad limbs, denoted one of high bearing, and formed a good portrait of a noble-minded cavalier.

The figure of his excellency was in strange contrast with that of the young aspirant. He had been "every thing by turns and nothing long." First he was page to a bishop of Seville; but being disgraced, he ran away, and entered the navy. Having received a severe wound which brought on a fever, he was landed at Cadiz, and afterwards entered a religious house. Being severely punished for a display of affection towards a pretty-footed damsel, he again eloped, and entered the army.

He was subsequently employed as a spy in an affair of great importance, and was seized; but escaped by pleading his religious education, and again became an inmate of a monastic mansion. He was afterwards engaged in political as well as mi-

litary affairs---and now behold Don Calderos de Valenciana, canon of St. Maurice, a member of the Chevaliers Teutoniques Hospitaliers, commander of Fort Pipet, and governor of the city of Vienne. He wore a rich monastic habit, and over it a shirt of mail; on his right breast he had a brilliant badge of distinction, given him by the emperor of Germany, for his valiant conduct at the siege of ——; and round his collar, two or three broad ribbons of different colored silk, from which were suspended the crosses of his orders.

On his close-shaved head he wore a high pointed black Spanish hat, decorated with a straight and lofty red feather, and ornamented on the right side with a large rosette of black, inlaid with one of red, and centred by a brilliant diamond cross, of the Maltese shape. His figure was short, square, and muscular; his eyes deep set and penetrating; and his enormous beard and mustachios gave additional ferocity to his naturally harsh features.

Good humour or good nature were not the weak points of his excellency's character. Good living and ambition were his idols: and here see the

amiable Don, without his supper, commencing his judicial inquiries:—

GOV.—What is your name?

REG.—Reginald de Vavasour, and I am called Le jeune Lion.

GOV.—Who are your companions?

J. DE C.—I am Jaques de Chapennes, and I am called——-

GOV.—Silence! Who is this youth?

J. DE C.—He is a Saxon friend of this gentleman, and speaks no French.

GOV.—Answer for yourself when your time comes.

J. DE C.—I only took the liberty——

GOV.—Take no liberties here: hold your tongue. (Addressing Reginald, he continued,) Who is this youth?

REG.—He is my page: his name is Hawkwood, and he is a subject of Edward of England.

GOV.—What is your occupation?

J. DE C.—(Aside)—Tell him, travelling for pleasure.

REG.—Travelling.

GOV.—For what purpose?

J. DE C.—Say, to see the country.

REG.—Instruction and amusement.

GOV.—Whither are you going?

J. DE C.—Say, to the Pont du Garde.

REG.—To the Château de Montleans.

GOV.—Do you know the Count?

J. DE C.—Say, no.

REG.—No.

GOV.—Have you letters for him?

J. DE C.—Say, no.

REG.—I have one letter for him.

GOV.—From whom?

REG.—A friend of his.

GOV.—Who is that friend?

J. DE C.—Say, you don't know.

REG.—I do not know.

GOV.—Give the letter to me.

J. DE C.—We are ruined.

REG.—I must not.

GOV.—Give it, I say.

REG.—I will not.—(laying his hand upon his sword.)

J. DE C.—We are hanged.

GOV.—(taking up his Vienna)—I must use force.

REG.—Death to him who touches the letter, or aught belonging to Vavasour.

J. DE C.—Drawn and quartered.

The page glides towards his master; the soldiers advance their halberds; the governor pauses.

REG.—I will show the letter to you, if you pass your word not to seize it.

GOV.—I will not now seize it; I pass my word.

REG.—A soldier's word is sufficient—there it is.

On turning it towards the light, the governor discovers the signet of the chancellor of France, and appears disconcerted.

GOV.—Do you know this signet?

REG.—No.

GOV.—Do you know to whom it belongs?

REG.—No.

GOV.—How does it happen that you do not know?

REG.—Because it was delivered to me by an

officer of the body-guard whom I did not know, and who neither asked nor would answer questions.

Gov.—Do you believe this signet to belong to a person of consequence?

Reg.—Yes.

Gov.—For what reason?

Reg.—Because, before it was delivered to me, I was informed by a person of distinction that the letter would be one of consequence, and that I must deliver it into no other hands save those of the Count de Montleans. This I faithfully promised, and will as faithfully perform.

Gov.—Who was that distinguished person?

Reg.—The king of France.

Gov.—Hem! (after a pause,) you do not fear force?

Reg.—No.

Gov.—Nor dread death?

Reg.—No.

Gov.—Where were you born?

Reg.—In France.

Gov.—In what part?

REG.—In the neighbourhood of Paris, I believe.

GOV.—What rank in life do your parents hold? —(No answer.)

The question was repeated, but still no answer. Lorenzo, for so the captain was called, intimated to the governor that the youth must be conducted to the archbishop. The governor turned towards Chapennes.

GOV.—Now, sir, of what country are you?

J. DE C.—I come from Gascony, and I am called Le Bavard.—(with an air.)

GOV.—Where did you become acquainted with this youth?

J. DE C.—At Paris.

GOV.—Who introduced you?

J. DE C.—A mutual friend who knew I wished to travel.

GOV.—What was his name?

J. DE C.—Montmorency, a cadet of that noble and distinguished house, whose exploits in——

GOV.—Enough! (to Reg. de V.) Is this the truth?

REG.—Partly, I believe.

GOV.—In what part is it false? (repeats) In what part is it false? Do you hear?

REG.—I am not a witness here against my fellow-traveller, and will only answer for myself.

GOV.—(to J. de C.) You, too, have a mission to the Count de Montleans?

J. DE C.—No, your excellency, I have not.

GOV.—Then you rest with us: take him to the strong chamber within the guard-room, and see him well attended. You, Reginald de Vavasour, must follow me.

The governor with a hasty stride disappeared from the apartment. Reginald followed down a dimly-lighted staircase, and soon found himself in the open air. Dirty as the streets of Vienne were, yet the relief from the damp and oppressive smell of the hall of examination was such as almost to restore the drooping spirits of the young traveller, suffering from the fatigue of a tedious ride, and from having been so long without food,—an auxiliary agreeable at all times, but to youth more peculiarly necessary.

The approach to the palace was through the columns which had in the glorious days of Rome adorned the residences of emperors, and subsequently ornamented those of the kings of Burgundy. But these beauties of antiquity had no attraction for Vavasour. He thought of Montleans—the count—the letter—and his supper. At the gate, the guard was ordered to halt, and Lorenzo accompanied the governor and De Vavasour. In the days of monkish rule, the young traveller might have expected some danger from a military despot, angry at being deprived of his regular meal: to call it a principal meal, would have been an insult to the two others. Calderos was not inclined to any undue preference: he felt that each had its duty to perform—his breakfast, to refresh him after the morning exercise; his dinner, to drive away the tedium of office; and his supper, to prepare him for a tranquil evening and a sound sleep; and of this important adjunct was the Don deprived.

CHAP. IV.

THE PALACE.

The tranquillity that reigned within the archiepiscopal palace formed an extraordinary contrast to the noise and bustle of the crowded streets. The guard which preceded and followed the governor cleared sufficient space, indeed, for movement, and enforced that species of awful silence which usually formed a circle around the presence of his excellency: but beyond the extent of this magic space, the artisan, returning from his work, mingled his inharmonious song with the screams of children, the fighting of dogs, and still more discordant tones of the unhappy pigs, condemned to enter for the last time the houses where they had long been treated as visitors. They seemed this evening to be instinctively aware of the humane intentions of their late hospitable entertainers, and disputed the point

with a tenacity, strength, and obstinacy peculiar to the character of these dirt-loving animals.

Reginald threw himself into one of the chairs of the ante-room, into which he had been ushered, without noticing the departure of the governor, or the entrance of servants and attendants with refreshments, which the captain Lorenzo had hinted were necessary, and which hint had been speedily attended to by the chief of the household, who knew how highly Lorenzo ranked in the estimation of his princely master. These hasty preparations were not observed by Reginald, and yet it was a goodly sight to behold. Without one unnecessary movement, without a word, without bustle or noise—soup and four entrées appeared almost by magic before the fatigued traveller.

Reginald was not one of that class of chevaliers who go through the world in search of danger, without dreaming of the minor comforts of life: on the contrary, the youth reckoned good living and comfortable change of dress absolute necessaries, considering quantity more than quality in the one, and both quantity and quality in the other.

The servants having arranged every thing that could be desired, took their station on the outside of the door; while the major-domo, assuming the head of the table, devoutly repeated a blessing on the meal, and commenced the distribution of the welcome viands.

Reginald and Lorenzo did ample justice to the hospitality of the ecclesiastical prince. The former, indeed, was so zealously occupied, that he paid no attention to the manœuvres of his companion, who was endeavouring to prevent a page from delivering a message. At one moment he drank the prince's health; at another exclaimed, "True, true, just so—but, as I was saying, touching this cookery, it wants the true Parisian goût," &c. At length the page, availing himself of a momentary interval of inaction, whispered the major-domo, who instantly rose from his seat, and respectfully addressed De Vasavour: "When it pleases you to be refreshed, his princely grace will be proud to receive you."

Reginald felt embarrassed at the idea of having kept a person of such distinction waiting for him;

and leaping from his seat, hastened to obey the summons. "Fair and softly goes farthest," cried Lorenzo, keeping his seat, with a determination that the good cheer should not be thrown away. "I have lost my supper at home by the long-winded examination of old Cankeros, and it shall not be my fault if he does not fare worse than the captain this evening. At the first glance, the old crab-stalk might have seen you were every inch a gentleman, consequently could not be a spy. If report speak truth, he ought to be a pretty good judge of what a spy is: and as for an enemy, what could a single armed man do with a tired horse against our German guard? If the Don had common politeness encased in his steel shirt, he might have examined you over a bottle of Muscat; but I am sure, honest Jean, you know how much the Don can form out of a little, and he has not had half time enough to make all his comments upon that letter, which my friend here would scarce let him touch. I never saw the old Spaniard so bearded before."

During this soliloquy, Lorenzo contrived to finish an excellent dish of pigeons à la tartare; and was

preparing to attack an inviting-looking omelette which had made its appearance at the same time with the page, when the usher with his rod and glittering chain made his appearance. "Well, now we must go; but here is to your amendment, old Cankeros." The major-domo, preceded by four pages with perfumed torches, led the way through a long corridor, in which were statues of the Twelve Apostles, six on each side of a carved crucifix, the execution of which would not have disgraced Michael Angelo.

Opposite to these figures were busts of various popes, and facing the crucifix, the Emperor Frederic I. was represented kneeling, holding in his right hand the deed of grant which entrusted Vienne to the episcopal jurisdiction, and pointing with his left to a model of the cathedral of St. Maurice. "I think we should have had time to finish that omelette, (exclaimed Lorenzo,) and have overtaken the gentleman usher, at quick pace. Here you see the difference between a soldier and a civilian. I should have calculated the difference between slow and quick time; whereas this worthy thinks only

of the former, and marches us as slowly into the presence as if he were leading us to the scaffold, and hoped for a reprieve before our arrival. It is very provoking that people should misuse time in this dreadful manner. I believe my worthy friend is telling over his beads, or perhaps he sleeps walking. Shall I awaken him with the point of my sword?"

Lorenzo received no answer, and began to suspect his companion was also taking an ambulatory nap.

CHAP. V.

THE PRIMATE.

THE major-domo halted the party in a small but curious apartment, which appeared to be formed more for solid resistance than either magnificence or comfort. The massive iron doors, fixed in the solid stone walls, which supported an arched ceiling, seemed proof against the fury of war or destructive ravages of fire: instead of windows, there were two small loop-holes, so constructed as to give a perfect view of the exterior, while the beholder was safely protected against the force of sling, javelin, or arrow.

The major-domo struck an alarm bell with his rod, the interior door was slowly opened, and Reginald was introduced into the chamber where the primate passed his evenings, undisturbed by the idle clamor or occupation of every-day life. The apartment was simple, yet elegant. There were

" no glittering gew-gaws stuck about ;" every thing was splendid and princely, yet chaste in its very splendor. The walls were hung with tapestry, on which the chief Viennese, who first embraced Christianity, were represented as preaching to the people, some of whom were pourtrayed pulling down the remnants of Roman magnificence, while others, more aged, were listening to the word of the Fathers, or encouraging their sons in the then considered holy work of destruction. The cornices of the apartment were of Spanish chestnut, richly carved in alto-relievo, displaying the emblems of various saints and martyrs, entwined with wreaths of roses, and laurel intermingled with civic crowns. Fronting the portal of the chamber stood a finely sculptured statue of St. Maurice ; but the classical purity of the armour, as well as of the ornaments, declared the warrior-saint to have been originally a Grecian statue of Mars. On his cuirass various monsters were embossed, and the figures of Fury and Anger were visible; while on his helmet even the cock, the symbol of vigilance, appeared to make " assurance doubly sure." Mars, or St. Maurice, as he

was called, had undoubtedly been a person of great importance: was he not —

> " Ce Dieu terrible, environné d'éclairs,
> Brise en passant les sceptres, les couronnes,
> Frappe les rois écrasés sous leurs trônes,
> Lance la foudre, ébranle l'univers,
> Et fait trembler la terre, en peuplant les enfers."

Without, however, detaining our readers by entering upon the relative merits of Maurice, the martyr of the Theban legion, and Mars, the god of hostile memory; or of the figure now transformed according to the fashion of the Gentiles, we may be permitted to remark, that Maurice or Mars (for it may be derivated Mars, Martis, Martius, Mauritius, Maurice) was not the primate of all the primacies— no, Maurice was now a statue, and merely an auxiliary to the dignified *demonstration* of the prelate whom he patronized. But there were other appendages, and among them a table of beautiful mosaic. It was supported on a deeply carved frame of antique shape, in style approaching to the grotesque: there was a confused mixture of satyrs and Cupids, which might by monastic transformation be

considered devils and angels, or, more properly speaking, angelini. The inlaid slab, which certainly was "rich and rare," had originally represented Diana bathing, interrupted by Actæon; but it now was christened David and the fair Bathsheba.

Upon the curtain ("purple silk of Tyrian dye") which covered the deep-set window, the arms of Vienne were embroidered in gold, and the pastoral crozier, as well as the mitre, denoted the rank of the possessor; while the badges of honor pointed out that his eminence possessed temporal as well as spiritual dignities. The chamber was lighted by massive tripods of antique form, where Graces mingled their plastic limbs with Fauns, Satyrs, and Bacchantes.—Why beauty should have been so incongruously mingled, except for the sake of contrast, does not appear; but that such forms are often adopted in ancient sculpture is most true, and, so far as correct taste is concerned, "pity 'tis, 'tis true." The vases containing the perfumed wood which heated the apartment were of silver, embossed with Cupids sporting amidst beds of roses.

The chair of state, overhung with a rich canopy, was also of chestnut richly carved, partly adorned with gilding, and cushioned with the richest silk. Here sat the illustrious and dignified Prince de Rougemont, primate of all the primacies of Gaul. His countenance did not portray the workings of ambition, nor did his open easy looks lead the beholder to believe that his life had been one of watchfulness or care. The leading feature was benevolence, and his smile was most fascinating; for who but the prince could so smile? His habit was suited to his station, and, conjointly with his appearance, conveyed assurance of dignified rank.

Reginald was absorbed in the contemplation of the scene: the primate made a sign for him to advance. The signal was given with a regal air; but at the same time with an appearance of kindness.

Reginald involuntarily dropped upon one knee, and kissed the hand extended towards him. "Young man, we give thee our benediction. The canon Calderos, our counsellor and governor of our town, informs us, that you are the bearer of a despatch from our highly esteemed brother the chancellor

of France to the Count de Montleans, our vassal and friend.—This is true, is it not?"

Reg.—That I am bearer of a letter to the count is most true, but from whom I am ignorant.

The primate turned to Calderos. He, habited in a large robe of black stuff with a broad scarlet border, could with difficulty be recognised for the military character who had lately, and so unceremoniously, questioned the youth, who now felt nothing but astonishment at the change of his situation. Still his presence of mind did not forsake him, and he determined not to let that escape from his mouth through the effects of kindness, which threats of violence could not extort. Yet nothing could escape, for he knew nothing.

He was too young to be entrusted with state secrets: he was selected to be the bearer of a letter, because he was young, and because he was brave: there might have been other reasons, but of those we have not now to speak. It is well known that politicians, or more properly speaking, statesmen, were not accustomed to employ youths on serious

errands, but for the purpose of using their swords, their honor, and their truth.

Calderos addressed the archbishop in a whisper, and his highness proceeded:—"My son, we regret that you have been detained, but these times are dangerous; and beset as we are with foreign and domestic foes, it behoves us doubly to watch over and guard those rights intrusted to us. The power which gave, will demand a strict account; and when demanded, we must not be found among the sleepers. Your statement we entirely rely upon; we comprehend the high character of your mission; lose no time in delivering the packet intrusted to your care. Our captain of the guard shall himself conduct you; and we will, by your favor, send a letter of recommendation to our friend and cousin."

While the necessary forms of writing, sealing, &c. were in their proceedings, as lawyers sometimes say, Lorenzo took care to make good preparation for setting out forthwith. The letter being concluded, was graciously delivered by the prince, and respectfully received by Reginald.

Lorenzo took his departure after proper obei-

sances, and after receiving the most affectionate wishes for his welfare; he himself secretly wishing the governor a good appetite for his over-cooked and involuntarily neglected supper.

CHAP. VI.

AN EVENING'S RIDE.

Lorenzo quitted the palace with the buoyancy of youth, and the alacrity of a soldier to do his duty. Much as he had heard of the château of Montleans, he never had entered even the outer court. Now he was in office: now he was with a friend intrusted to his guidance and protection, and that friend the bearer of a letter from the chancellor of France, and an acquaintance, if not a favorite, of the king. Lorenzo had two duties to perform;—the first to obey his prince, and the next to think of his commanding officer.

Accordingly, he left a guard of honor to attend the governor, and ordered an escort to parade

forthwith. He then conducted De Vavasour to the house of rendezvous,—I cannot term it inn: even in these days it is not deserving of so good a name; no, we will call it a place of refuge, where he found his horses tolerably refreshed, and his groom, like many English grooms after their evening potation, tolerably drunk and intolerably surly. The orders to advance were obeyed as speedily as is generally the case in a French stable, where every body is so willing, and every body so active. Heads will butt against heads, and shoulders rub against shoulders, lights will fall, and chaos will come; yet a captain of the body-guard makes things, as well as people, find their proper places: and Reginald was more speedily mounted than his impatience could have imagined possible; and, thanks to his little repast at the palace, quite ready and willing to gallop to his destination.

The distance to the château from the city was about a league; but the steep and almost perpendicular pavement of an old Roman city was not very convenient to a horse who had been mounted during a whole day by an armed rider. How-

ever, the spur in the heel, and the spur in the head, effected more than Lorenzo could have expected. The darkness of the evening obliged Reginald to restrain his impatience, while even Lorenzo found it difficult to trace his route through the fields and woods which intervened between the travellers and the object of their destination. At length a light was discovered from a lofty tower, which appeared like a pharos, and Lorenzo shouted, "Vive Montleans!"

Reginald forced his horse into a gallop, and the romantically situated château burst upon his view.

The precipices and stream, the abrupt rocks rising perpendicularly, as if Heaven's battle-axe had hewn out a passage for the chosen, had no effect in barring his way: no—Vavasour saw nothing but the castle. Dells and woods were nothing, rocks and rivulets trifles, and with a cry of "en avant!" away galloped Le Jeune Lion.

The stream which interfered was small, but difficult to pass: in fact, it was of that nature, that most persons in their senses would have preferred to cross dismounted; but our youth was not of

the class who think of personal safety. He was the Jeune Lion; and, with one grand spring, horse and man cleared the spungy chasm — so we may call it:—for on either side of the water, the reeds and rushes prevented a horse from seeing where to leap from or where to land. The escort determined to pass more cautiously, and arrived safely at the foot of the steep, while the attendant of Reginald was sounding the bugle that hung at the postern. "He blew a blast so long and loud," that the attendants of the court were called to arms, while the warder refused admittance.

Lorenzo advanced, and having informed the officer of the watch of his name and rank, the gates were thrown open. The escort was ordered to return to Vienne, while Reginald and his companion were admitted into the court-yard of the château.

CHAP. VII.

THE HUNTER'S HALL.

THE Count de Montleans, to whom we are about to present our young traveller, was at this period of time residing at his fortress, or more properly speaking, hunting château; for, although he always kept a strong garrison, the Count never occupied the castle except in the season of sporting, to which amusement he was passionately attached. The Count had a princely château in the vicinity of Pau, and he had also the command of the Estates in the Netherlands, to which his only daughter was the successor.

Rodolphe de Montleans was a person of no ordinary character; he had gained great celebrity in the countries in which he had served, and had been rewarded with all the honors which princes can bestow.

In his earliest youth he had been noticed and

employed by the court of France; and in the course of his military services, had become acquainted with Matilde, the only daughter of a branch of the house of Hainault: this acquaintance soon ripened into a tender attachment; and when scarcely arrived at the age of manhood, he became the husband of the Countess.

After a few years of happiness, this lady died in giving birth to a daughter.

By his marriage the Count had also one son, on whom the existence of the noble house of Montleans depended. On this account it was determined that he should be educated with such care and attention, as to be enabled to serve his king in the civil instead of the military profession.

Agenor de Montleans had accordingly, at an early age, been sent to Bologna to study in that celebrated college, which had the honor of naming among its students one of the most accomplished persons of the day. With this scholar, Agenor had arrived at the château about the same hour as that which had introduced Reginald to the notice of the archbishop.

The Count Rodolphe had passed the day in the enjoyments of the chase, and on his return had partaken of the hospitality of a neighbouring nobleman, the Count de Roussillon. The night was dark, and the party lost their track amidst the various paths which bewildered the traveller, and sometimes even the huntsman, in the brightest light of day.

The Count had just entered the hall, and was about to take his seat, when the aforesaid blast made him think only of war; and he instinctively grasped his sword. A few moments of suspense explained the mystery, and the steel-clad Reginald, accompanied by Lorenzo, and followed by Hawkwood, entered. Though accustomed to various sights of magnificence and hospitality, as well as the vanities, termed amusements, which fill up some of the blanks of our chequered life, Reginald could not resist the impulse to halt, and view the scene before him. A profusion of light displayed to advantage the splendid uniforms of the bowmen of the guard, contrasted with the plain green and buff of the huntsmen: the tables might be said

to groan under the weight of the viands; for the law which at one time in France limited the number of dishes did not exist in the territory of Vienne; and if the worthy archbishop had lent his ear to so politic a proposal, his esteemed vassal would have remained deaf, even though the song were wise, and the singer Solomon. Above the well-spread board, spears, bows, battle-axes, pikes, daggers, and cutlasses, mixed ingeniously with light spears and pointed shields, produced a warlike appearance:—the fierce tusked jaws of the wild boar, the branching antlers of the stag, and the skins of the ravenous wolf, the cunning fox, and the destructive bear, mingled with the plumes of the eagle, vulture, mountain hawk, and other birds of prey, added their various clothing to ornament the hunter's hall; while, supereminent, floated the banners of the houses of Montleans, Auxberrois, and Hainault, to complete the effect of the imposing scene.

CHAP. VIII.

THE SUPPER.

At the upper table, raised, as usual in baronial halls, two steps from the level of the apartment, there were placed two young men in travelling dresses;—a soldier-like, harsh-featured man, in a green hunting suit;—a canon of St. Maurice, who was chaplain to the Count; and, in the centre, Rodolphe de Montleans, who had not thrown aside his bonnet de chasse, surmounted with an eagle plume. Leaning on his short hunting sword, he awaited the delivery of a challenge, which he, very naturally, (considering the times of which we speak,) expected to follow so warlike an interruption.

The silence was broken by Lorenzo, who, advancing to the canon, explained the object of their visit, and delivered the letter of the Prince de Rougemont.

The chaplain, as befitted his profession, read the

letter to the Count. In those days epistolary communications were generally couched in Latin, which, though not of the purest materials, was preferable to the barbarous language in use.

The Count de Montleans was a most agreeable as well as handsome man, and, as we have already said, had figured at courts with éclat; yet Rodolphe could wield a sword far better than a pen, and in short was more of a soldier than a scholar.

He, however, though not learned, was well schooled in politeness; and having heard the communication of his beloved sovereign, as the archbishop had a right to imagine himself, moved from his place, and took his position on the right of the well-spread table. The major-domo conducted Reginald up the middle of the hall through the ranks of hunters, whose salutations were more cordial than courtly: for, to tell the truth, they were glad to find the message was of a civil, and not military character, having at that special moment a better appetite for eating than for fighting. Having arrived at the foot of the dais, Reginald

beckoned to his page, and delivered to him his light travelling spear.

The Count lifted his bonnet de chasse from his head, and Reginald removed his helmet. The appearance of the youth, who seemed bursting into manhood, attracted the notice of the two young travellers, who in whispers expressed their admiration of the appearance of the stranger.

A profusion of dark curling hair richly contrasted with his fair complexion, glowing with exercise. His princely air spoke noble birth; while his brow denoted a character bordering on hauteur. Lorenzo regarded, with surprise and satisfaction, the looks of wonder and admiration directed towards his new acquaintance, with whose features he was almost unacquainted; for during the time in which Reginald wore his beaver up, Lorenzo was too much occupied in eating to consider the formation of his features; but now he saw the effect produced by that noble look and air, and felt as if a part of this effect attached to himself. The page, who was not much older than his master, ap-

peared both strong and active: having taken the helmet, he remained steadily watching every movement of the Count, whom his master thus addressed:

"You are, I suppose, sir, the Count de Montleans?"

"Your supposition is correct, and you are welcome to our poor château."

The Count gave a signal to the major-domo, who advanced with a golden goblet, which he filled with sparkling wine, and which the Count as instantaneously drained to the health of his new guest. The goblet being replenished, Reginald followed so excellent an example.

The major-domo, at another signal from the Count, dropped on his knee, and presented the highly-decorated cup, in the name of the most illustrious Count Rodolphe of Montleans and Auxberrois, &c. &c. &c. The Count cried, "Silence!" and Reginald, handing the goblet to his page, presented the packet of which he had proved himself so trust-worthy a guardian.

The Count looked at the superscription and the

seal; then slightly colored, but whether from joy or anger, even the crafty canon, who watched every movement of his countenance, could not discover: yet friar Hubert was esteemed as clever a politician as swordsman or warrior; and as such, the prior of St. Maurice had selected him to be the companion of a nobleman, whose power the holy fathers of Vienne knew sufficiently to fear, though he was nominally a vassal of their archbishop. The Count offered his hand to his guest, whom he placed on his right; Lorenzo took a seat on the left; while Hawkwood retired with the major-domo to take his station with the jovial and merry hunters, who had for a long time wished all matters of form and ceremony banished from their hall.

CHAP. IX.

THE WINE.

THE turkeys had vanished; the fricassees and stews had stiffened in the remnants of their sauces; the boars' heads had lost their beauty; and nothing but heads and necks told that there had been partridges, quails, woodcocks, bitterns, and all the etceteras of the woods;—when the canon arose, and in a loud voice exclaimed, in the words of the Latin grace,—"Damus gratias tibi," &c. &c. This was the signal for each to rise and fill his goblet, while the chief sportsman, mounting on the table, exclaimed, "à la gloire de la chasse buvez, donc, buvez!" the uproar of tongues and clatter of goblets which succeeded this sentiment subsided, and all was gaiety and good-humour.

The Count de Montleans did the honors with easy cheerfulness and polite attention to his new guest. The canon spoke of the wisdom, learning,

and power of the archbishop; the gentleman in green nodded his head, first to one observation, and then to another, mingling his nods with certain movements of his lips and throat, which conveyed the just idea that, if his conversation did not enliven you, the wine he swallowed ought to have enlivened him. The young Agenor was occupied in listening to the jokes of Lorenzo, concerning the scene of examination; and the friend of Agenor seemed buried in his own reflections. While the Count de Montleans was relating the events of a famous tourney held at Bordeaux, the green gentleman fixed his eyes on a figure of antic shape, which was endeavouring to attract the notice of Reginald, by stammering, muttering, and stuttering some unmusical and unintelligible words. The cessation of nods and smacks of lips drew the attention of the canon to the same spot, and each at length became occupied in regarding the extraordinary character who stood before them. It was a short, chubby, red-headed, red-faced personage, with a yellow cap, to which hung a torn black and green tassel. His dress consisted of a dirty

shirt tucked up above the elbows; and over an immense pair of leathern inexpressibles, (for they were neither breeches nor trousers,) there was a species of apron, tucked up on one side. After various antics and odd sounds had been sported, Reginald perceived the Count de Montleans ready to die with suppressed laughter: naturally wondering at the cause, he rapidly changed his position; and on turning round, guess his horror and astonishment at perceiving his groom, Thomas Hobson, an honest Yorkshireman, very drunk, and endeavouring to explain, that in this d—d castle there were no beans for his horses.

"After such a cursed hard day's work to get no beans! At the last rascally place they had nothing but black bread, which made your honor's horse, poor dear Gondibert, almost broken-hearted to look at: Lord love and preserve the poor beast!"—

"Begone, you drunken scoundrel!" roared his master, "begone!"—but there was no departing without the beans, for Thomas—and there he stood, or rather rocked, hiccuped, swore, and stammered.

The Count's eyes absolutely swam in tears; the

gentleman in green stared; and Lorenzo kept shouting, "bis, bis! brave, brave!" At last, Reginald, jumping from his seat, cried, "Prey!" and Hawkwood was instantly before him, and as instantaneously seized Thomas by the neckband and sleeves of his shirt, and, throwing him on his back after the fashion of a sack of coals, carried him out like a sprawling tortoise, bawling for "beans, beans, beans!"

The intruder being removed, the muscles of the more distinguished auditors began to soften into subdued laughter, and gradually sunk into seriousness. The buzz of curiosity ran through the hall, with whispered inquiries of "what was it? who was it? why was it?"

Each had his answer, according to the capability of the respondents.

The goblets having circulated freely, the Count, in kindness to the travellers, proposed to adjourn, and the party retired from the dais, attended by their separate torch-bearers.

As they passed along the hall, the hunters sang the following chorus:—

The morn brings its pleasures,
The night its delights;
We seek not for treasures,
Nor death-dealing fights;
For the horn and the hounds
Such rapture can give,
While the stag gaily bounds,
Then—then—man seems to live.

When fatigued with the sport,
The bold huntsman retires
The god Bacchus to court,
Whose cup all inspires;
No longer he thinks
On the dangers past by,
But gaily he drinks,
While each draught makes more dry.

Thus each day the chase
More inviting appears,
And all sorrows we place
To our forth-coming years.
The present gives pleasures,
And let us enjoy them:
Here, here are our treasures,
And using wo'nt cloy them.

Then—

Buvez, donc, buvez
A la gloire de la chasse!
De la chasse—vous y trouvez
Le plaisir qui surpasse.

CHAP. X.

THE COLD BATH.

YOUNG Hawkwood had passed rapidly through the attendants and soldiers who had surrounded and wished to take prisoner the unfortunate Hobson. Without understanding their language, the page knew his duty, and had early learnt, in the various skirmishes in which his master had obtained the appellation of the Young Lion, the extent and force of the watch-word that had called him into action. They say brevity is the soul of wit; and so it is in command: and the simple word, "Prey!" meant not only seize, but keep.

Hawkwood was of rather short stature, but remarkably strong as well as fleet: with his strength and fleetness it did not necessarily follow, that he should be of a character to endure long or patiently; so, passing through the court-yard leading to the stable, the squire saw a reservoir invitingly

presenting itself to his view, and considering the jolly Thomas as something of the heaviest, as well as rather restive, he contrived to slip his burthen head-foremost into the refreshing element. This unexpected immersion not only washed poor Hobson's face, but his clothes also; and the sudden visitation, to a head little acquainted with the merits of cold water, restored its proprietor to his senses. Hawkwood now found his countryman as capable of listening to reason as ever he was in his life, and that's not saying much; for "Hobson's choice" lay between oats for his horses and liquor for himself.

To do the sottish fellow justice, his first care was in favor of the poor beasts who could not speak for themselves. Hawkwood upbraided him with his conduct, which Thomas, in a blubbering tone, acknowledged was shameful; but added, "You need not have wetted my leather trunks, master Hawkwood."

The page gave the half-drowned groom (who had swallowed sufficient water to make weak punch of the hot sugared brandy he had previously drunk)

a draught of cordial from his travelling bottle, which speedily reconciled Thomas to his lot: Hawkwood re-entered the château, but, feeling ashamed of the late exhibition which his countryman had made in the hunter's hall, he retired to his master's apartment, and there waited the breaking-up of the feast. Previously to their separation, Reginald had, at the entreaties of the Count, informed him of the cause of his servant's anger, apologizing at the same time for the impropriety of his conduct. Count Rodolphe expressed his thanks for the information; stating that, as a professed follower of the chase, he ought to have been acquainted with the benefit to be derived from les féveroles, after hard work; and concluded by assuring his guest, that no inexperienced head could stand the strength of Gilbert's potation, which he had christened "poculum victrix."

"When our new acquaintance," pursued the Count, "has resided with us a sufficient time to be *broken in*, I will catch him in his sober moods, and learn your English management; for you are, I suppose, English?"

"I may be called English or French," replied Reginald; "but at present I must be considered as the latter, having been honored with a letter to a Frenchman of such distinction and such hospitality."

"May I ask if you love the chase and tilting? for those are our only amusements here."

"Passionately; but I am perhaps more fitted for the former than the latter: my young English horse wants more education for the manège, but in the field none can surpass him. Hobson would tell you he has far more sense than his master, and I own I am of Hobson's opinion. I have often committed myself to his care; and this day, if he had not been tired, I might have preferred swimming the Rhone, to conversing with Don Calderos de Valenciana."

"That would have been a dangerous preference. I am happy that such a measure was not essayed, and doubly happy to find that such a horse, and such a rider, are beneath my roof: I am sure we shall be friends."

CHAP. XI.

THE APPARITION.

When Reginald retired to his apartment, he found Hawkwood busily occupied in preparing for his night's repose, and appearing also big with the fate, not "of empire and of Rome," but of drunkenness and Hobson.

As soon as Reginald was informed of the conclusion of the adventure, the laughter which had been overpowered by shame burst forth, and the youth almost exhausted the whole of his remaining strength in the loud shouts to which he gave utterance.

Reginald had been equally surprised at the coolness and strength which Hawkwood had displayed; but, much as Reginald knew of the sports of London, he was not acquainted with the species of training to which apprentices in the fourteenth century were accustomed.

The fatigue of the day was sufficient to ensure a sound sleep; and so deeply were the senses of Reginald enchained by the fetters of Morpheus, that to all appearance nothing save the last trumpet could awaken him, for lighter slumbers must have been disturbed by the roar of elemental war. The forked lightning cut its way through the deep-charged sulphureous clouds, which in their junction seemed to send forth the full force of heaven's artillery. On a sudden the sky seemed on fire, and crash succeeded crash, and echo followed echo, as the reverberating sound struck from rock to rock, from dell to dell.

The château trembled on its firm foundation, and various sounds proceeded from different parts of the building: a lofty elm had been struck by the lightning, and in its fall tore away a large mass of the ivied battlements. Even Reginald at length awoke. The brilliant light which had illumined the heavens was now succeeded by as dense an atmosphere: still the distant rolling of thunder told what had been, and what might still be.

The door of the apartment flew open, and a noise succeeded which sounded as if a weighty substance fell against the reclosing door. Reginald seized his sword, and strode towards the unseen intruder. A flash of lightning displayed a figure in white, with an extended visage pale as marble. It did not speak, or give any sign of life.

Another roll of thunder, with its accompanying darkness, drowned the noise of the falling figure, and the renewed lightning showed but the spot where it had been. Reginald determined to search for a lamp, and endeavour to discover what the apparition was, or whither it went. Small as the château appeared to be, its ways were very intricate, and a considerable time elapsed before Reginald returned from the hunter's hall with a light. The storm had ceased; the chamber was untenanted. There was but one door, and before that Reginald had stood with his drawn sword, and, quitting the apartment, had closed it after him: the figure could neither advance nor retire.

It was strange, it was passing strange! What

should a young, fearless, and fatigued traveller do? Place the lamp on the table, and retire to bed. Reginald did so, and very soon forgot in sleep both storm and shadow.

CHAP. XII.

THE LETTER.

The Count feeling sufficiently refreshed by his night's sleep to endure the fatigue of business, ordered the chaplain to attend him in his private apartment. Those who have visited the ruins of the château may recollect the remains of a circular tower of considerable strength and height; attached to this building, there is a projecting wall, which points out that there was formerly a staircase leading to this stronghold. By a species of drawbridge, the Count, from the interior, could reach the postern gate, and descend by a door of which he alone had the key. It is not now necessary to enumerate the various advantages and com-

forts attending the power of egress and ingress, without the plague of passing through a crowd of vassals and retainers,—fellows equally ready and willing to pry into your actions as to obey your orders. Report whispered, through the female lips of the fair or brown domestics of the château, that the passage door leading from the keep was occasionally as useful to the chaplain as to his lord. The interior of this retirement was as curious as its situation. Four large wolf skins, on a species of couch, formed a day bed; a lofty and cumbrous armoire held every implement required by the experienced chasseur; arms of all sorts, offensive and defensive, hung upon the walls; and the floor was strewed with what might very properly be called an omnium gatherum. The Count was seated in a carved chair of Roman form, when the chaplain arrived; and the preliminary salutation being gone through, the serious occupation of reading the letter was commenced. In those days Latin was generally used in despatches, but it was not (as has been hinted before) by any means of the Augustan order.

The chaplain then translated the contents of

the letter; the original is still extant, but we have considered that our readers would rather not peruse it. It is unnecessary for us to say more, than that the chief object of the letter was to induce the Count de Montleans to assist Queen Isabel in her civil war against her husband. The chancellor complimented the Count on his prowess, and almost hinted at an attachment (but he called it friendship) between the Count and the Queen. He laid great stress on the good to be derived by France from the contest in England, and upon the expectations of succour entertained by Isabel. The chancellor concluded thus: "The king wishes you to deliver the accompanying packet into the hands of the pope himself, saying, 'Rex vult obedire.'" We have omitted an essential part of the letter, namely, the announcement of an alliance between the young prince Edward and Philippa of Hainault.

The chancellor of France had very prudently avoided entering into the particulars of the latter part of the story, as it related to the exertions of pope John XXII. to procure the election of king

Charles to the empire, to which that sovereign was willing to lend himself, but which had hitherto been baffled by the intrigues of the Germans.

The chancellor, in addressing the Count de Montleans, recollected that he was a vassal of the primate of Vienne, a prince considered to be under the especial protection of the emperors of Germany. Upon Germanic affairs therefore the Count might have had scruples, which certainly could not actuate him in regard to England. Probably the chancellor imagined that the Prince de Rougemont considered the Britons, if he considered them at all, as semi-barbarians.

The chancellor was well aware of the influence which the name of Isabel would create at Montleans, and he also knew that the marriage of prince Edward with a fair scion of the house of Hainault would be viewed with pleasurable feelings.

It was formerly noticed, that where letters were in question, the chaplain was a useful man in the Count's establishment; and accordingly, his reverence was for some minutes employed in making the nobleman comprehend the contents of this epistle.

The Count feeling great interest in every thing which related to Hainault, begged the chaplain to be very particular in explaining that part of the letter relative to prince Edward and the beautiful Philippa. "They must be a very young couple," said the count: "the prince cannot be more than fourteen, and the princess must be still younger; but they say marriages are made in heaven. It seems but yesterday that Isabel was the flower of Paris; now she is a mother, and probably may soon be a widow. Well, time passes quickly, and what changes pass along with it! But I am not here to moralize, but to decide. Isabel wants my aid: I, who was once her chosen knight, must not be false to her who chose me."

Thus discoursing with himself, the Count folded up the envelope, then unfolded it, and another letter fell on the floor; and the chaplain hastily seizing it, said, "Le Pape!"

The Count snatched it from his hands, and desired to be left alone. The chaplain retired, to arrange his plans as to communication with the governor, while the Count strode up and down the

small track-way that was left to permit a passage through the lumber on the floor, cursing the neglect of his education, and the cunning of the clergy. Rodolphe stamped himself into a decision to obey the summons of Queen Isabel. The Count could not avoid wondering why Reginald had been selected on a business of such importance; and was still more astonished that the chancellor gave no intimation of his rank or station.

CHAP. XIII.

THE HAWK.

The cheerful horn announced the breakfast, which was not of the effeminate materials of modern days, but of real substantial fare, washed down with goblets of exhilarating wine.

The Count and his son, the chaplain, Lorenzo, and the gentleman in green, were already assembled; and Reginald apologized for the lateness of his arrival, by alleging that he had overslept him-

self,—no very uncommon event in youth of these days, whatever it might have been in days of old! After the meal was concluded, the Count retired to his private apartment, and summoned his son to attend him.

The gentleman in green commenced his favorite occupation of nodding his head, and directed this mark of gravity and wisdom, this species of "Nid, nid, nod," towards a favorite hawk of the Count's, which was perched on the back of its master's seat.

The character of Reginald was not that of condescension; and therefore he was not exactly the person to extract words from the closed mouth of the green man.

He wandered round the hall, and by accident met the chaplain. His reverence was all civility; but Reginald, suspecting that he was rather anxious to learn some portion of his private history, was fully determined to impart nothing to him. The nodding, accompanied by whistling, had established an affectionate duo between the green man and hawk, while the canon and knight had, equally, in inverse proportion, been disunited;

for their spirits were not formed to shine under the same influential star: one was all cunning and coldness, the other all openness, fire, and spirit.

The chaplain was summoned to attend the Count, and in his hasty departure overturned the chair on which the hawk rested. It was, as said before, the Count's chair of state. The poor favorite fluttered with its chain, which, being of old silver, soon broke, and the hawk perched upon the shoulder of his friend in green. The chaplain was hurrying along as fast as his dignity would permit, when the strong arm of the green man arrested him. It was no common grasp; it was an action, an indescribable movement, which brought his reverence in face of the very chair of state which he had overturned; and with one finger extended, the green man pointed out to the chaplain what he had done, what he had to do, and what he must do.

The green man and hawk appeared satisfied. The former stood near, while the latter perched again on its dignified station; but as the chaplain turned his back, at a signal from the green man, the bird took a flight, and pouncing upon his re-

verence's head, pressed in with his breast that part of the caput or occiput which contains, or should contain, the brains, and in its renewed flight carried off in its talons the outward semblance of a canon, leaving not "a wreck behind," but a good head of hair!

"Well done, hawk! bien fait! bien fait! c'est un coup," &c. cried Lorenzo, who had lately entered, and was loudest in applause.

A second messenger announced the Count's wishes to see the chaplain, and the humorists begged and entreated of his reverence to attend instanter. He disappeared with a gloomy air, not retiring like Cæsar, but grinning like Casca. He durst not say, "I will wound," but he looked unutterable things: perhaps he meant, "I will destroy."

The green man had considerable difficulty in releasing the claws of his companion from the net to which the meek locks of religion were attached. The hawk, when released, was not pleased that his adversary had escaped, leaving his shell behind. Reginald, exhausted with laughing, threw himself on a bench; Hawkwood ran for water, Lorenzo

called for wine. The green man said, "Give the water to the bird, and the wine to the men." His advice was followed: indeed, his green mightiness rose considerably in his own estimation, as well as in that of the hawk, by the feat he had achieved; and the young captain of the body-guard began to look upon him as "a very sensible fellow, though by no means communicative." When the distribution of wine and water arrived, the hawk preferred the former; and being accustomed to have his way, sprang upon the goblet which Lorenzo was lifting to his mouth, and overturned the desired draught. The laughter, half restrained, was again excited, but Lorenzo was now the object. The canon entered just at the moment that Lorenzo said, "Confound the bird! the water was meant for him, and he shall have it."

With this menace, the captain threw the bowl of water at the hawk, which took effect on the canon. Again the reverend chaplain took himself to flight, and again confusion reigned. "Young man," said the green man, "you have cooled the priest's anger; it was much better applied than intended. My

friend, it seems, likes wine better than water, as well as yourself."

CHAP. XIV.

THE WALK.

THE shouts of laughter were interrupted by the entrance of Agenor. On one side of the breakfast table Lorenzo was leaning, almost breathless.

Reginald was less overcome by his homage to Momus; but young Hawkwood was nearly exhausted with his exertions at the expense of the poor canon. The green man had resumed his occupation of nodding; but his play-fellow flew off to Agenor, and, perching on his shoulders, seemed to clap his wings in triumph.

The scene was explained to Agenor, who joined in the mirth which the green man and hawk had created.

The young men agreed that they had not thought

there was so much fun in him. A walk was proposed; and the youthful trio prepared to sally forth, when Lorenzo recollected he must return to Vienne, and make some inquiries after the poor Gascon, whom he had been obliged to leave at the mercy of the Don.

The beauty and diversity of the scenery, the density of the forests, the clearness of the sky, and the distant prospect bounded by the snow-colored Alps, very naturally called forth the admiration of young Reginald.

The first view of these vast masses of snow produces an imposing effect on the mind, and the spectator is filled with enthusiasm for Alpine scenery.

The conversation turned upon the various powers displayed by Providence in the formation of the mind as well as of the matter which the world contains; and Agenor, who took the lead in a discussion more philosophical than Reginald had been accustomed to at the court of Isabel, expressed himself thus: "How extraordinary it is that a young man of twenty-two years of age should suffer

dreadfully from a convulsion of nature, which, though it must awe, ought not to terrify the mind of man! Look at my friend Franciscus: with a power of intellect equal to any exertion, the very clatter of rain or hail alarms him, and in a thunder-storm he loses all recollection of himself, his situation, or the world. Last night, the poor fellow, in his fright, endeavoured to reach my apartment, and burst into a chamber, where he found not the wished-for haven, but a naked sword pointed against his breast. This horror upon horror prevented his speaking, and he fell to the ground. The person whose protection he sought vanished from his view; and poor Franciscus, the storm having ceased, recovered his physical as well as mental powers, and regained his chamber." This adventure of Franciscus explained to Reginald the nature of the imagined apparition, and he in return detailed his movements to Agenor. In the history which followed, Agenor disclosed the feelings and situation of his friend.

"Franciscus Pietro, or, as he is called, Petrarca, was born at Arezzo in the year 1304, and be as-

sured that he possesses uncommon talents. Being myself destined for the pursuits of a civilian, I was sent at a very early age to Montpelier, where I became acquainted with this accomplished young man, and was soon so fascinated with him, that I requested my father to remove me to the college of Bologna, where Franciscus was to continue his studies.

" At the university I learned from my friend, that his father, who was of noble birth, had been driven from Florence by the hatred of the party of the Neri; that he had retired to Arezzo, and from thence to Avignon: from that city his father had sent him to Carpentras for his education, and afterwards removed him to Montpelier.

" The rapidity with which Franciscus acquired an intimate knowledge of philosophy, science, and legal affairs, astonished those who witnessed his studies; but his diffidence as to his own powers, and his melancholy prospects as to his fortunes, prevent him from displaying in society the brilliancy of his imagination, or the profundity of his knowledge. Unfortunately for himself, he felt a disinclination to pursue the profession of the law, by

which he was certain to gain both fortune and distinction; but his soul revolted at the idea of acquiring a science, and following a pursuit, which would have made him either a rich rogue, or a laughing-stock to the world, as an honest madman, who had conceived the vain project of reconciling law, fortune, and conscience.

"On receiving the news of the death of his father, Franciscus determined to abandon the law,—not because the study had no delights; on the contrary, the authorities which he acknowledged to be great were full of Roman antiquity, to which he is devotedly attached;—but because the depravity of man has so perverted its use, that he will not instruct himself in that which he cannot use honestly. I have already mentioned, that his family was of consideration, that his parents were banished by the efforts of faction, and that their property had been confiscated. This has very naturally given his mind an inclination adverse to arbitrary power; and his studies, which have been of the highest cast our state of literature can afford, have already given

him a superiority among his companions. At present he considers Avignon as his country.

" Franciscus stands almost alone; but being alone, he says, that he will not sell his soul for lucre.

" If the truth were known, his temperament is love. He believes fame, fortune, and the world are unworthy friends, and thinks his happiness must arise from affectionate intercourse with a chosen few.

" At present my friend is in low spirits and indifferent health; but he has a most captivating air: although not tall, he has a striking appearance; and his large features, blooming complexion, and animated eyes, speak the soul within.

" As to his dress, he is a great coxcomb: he is miserable if a single lock is astray; he wears clothes of the most fashionable shape; and pinches his feet until his nerves and sinews rebel against the tyranny. It is his intention, I believe, to devote himself to the church. His mind, however, is undecided; and he has, I know, written to a beloved friend, much older than himself, saying, " Shall I

quit study? Shall I enter into another course? Have pity on me, my father!"

Thus speaking, and thus listening, the young friends moved on through the woods, delighted with the social intercourse that privacy gives.

Now and then the timid hare would spring across, or sometimes follow its course down the path before them; and if its progress was arrested by the sharp short scream of the jay, the animal would sit on its hinder legs, and listen if there was danger in its way. In a remote part of the wood, the sound of music attracted notice, and Italian words were sung with feeling and simplicity by a voice such as might have aided "heavenly choirs," when attuned to their celestial notes. We shall attempt a translation:

"The nightingale, who deeply moans
Her progeny and mate,
But echoes, in harmonious tones,
The sighs that tell my fate.

"'Tis easy to delude the heart
That trusts, and trusting dies;
Which feels in every glowing part
The ardor of the skies:

But still I feel, while realms to dust have past,
That nothing long can please, and nothing long can last."

Franciscus, disturbed by the rustling of the leaves, hastily retired, and the intruders returned to the château by another direction.

" Tis pity," said Reginald, " such a noble-minded youth as you say this Franciscus is should give way to despondency. I like him well, for not choosing to sell himself for paltry gold; although I acknowledge your Roman orators, such as Cicero, possessed great powers: but still the profession of the law calls for cunning; for, what between the difficulty of understanding and refuting the points, I wonder how any body is able to procure his rights. For my poor part, give me martial law, and the sword. With law the pleader must understand his client's case, which probably is falsely stated; he must understand his adversary's case, which for him is always falsely stated; and, lastly, he must understand the law, which is the most unintelligible of all. With soldiers we have two distinct points to ascertain; the one is the extent of the guilt, and the other is the modicum of

the punishment. We have no smooth-tongued rogues, or bullying vaporists: we have positive evidence; and if the witness lies, and is not a soldier, we hang him; if a soldier, and tells a lie, we disgrace him, and take from him his arms, and make him what he deserves to be — a slave. But as to the profession of the church, Agenor, I cannot say much either for or against his choice. You say his heart is formed for love. Woman must captivate his heart; and though he may now march heart-whole, the day may come, when he will regret he is not free, like you or me, to wed the object of his affections."

Agenor replied, "It is not for a person so young as I am to venture my advice to one who is my senior; but yet I think the church will prove a better master for Franciscus than the law: at present, he thinks highly of Italian piety; how long he will continue in this opinion, it is not for me, who am ignorant, to speak. Of one thing Franciscus may be assured, and that is my friendship: between ourselves, I do not think that the poor youth will gain much biblical knowledge from our friend the chaplain.

My favorite hawk convinced me to-day, though he is no Latinist, that 'the cowl does not make the monk.' I never saw a more unreverend head of hair."

"Quite a Mars in disguise," cried Reginald, relapsing into his former mood of pleasantry; then regarding Agenor with a fixed eye, said, "Rely upon it, that chaplain is not honest."

"My father knows the canon well, and I think does not trust him: when the Count sent for me to-day, I learned my destination was Avignon, on a special message to the pope; and I rejoice at it, because I can accompany my friend Franciscus. You too, Reginald, I hope will be of the party."

"That must depend on others: I am not my own master, nor can I look for my instructions until the arrival of my baggage, which I expect will reach Vienne to-morrow. Be assured, Agenor, that I feel for you as for a brother, and that I am also deeply interested in the fate of our singing apparition. They say that between the territory of Vienne and that of Avignon there are marauders. Franciscus's law would not avail him much; but, for Hawkwood and myself, I will so far boast

as to say, we have the will, and I trust we know the way, to defend both him and you."

Thus conversing, the friends entered the château.

CHAP. XV.

THE CANON.

On entering the court-yard, Reginald determined to visit his ally Gondibert. In the stables he found Hobson acting the part of "Jean qui pleure et Jean qui rit:" he was in a state of mingled pleasure and regret; pleasure at the sight of the newly-arrived beans, and regret that they had not arrived yesterday.

"Look ye, master! these beans would have strengthened them up yesterday, but to-day, when their legs are swelling from being road-worn, it will be only doing them harm; but as the Count's greatness has been so civil to the poor dumb beasts, the least that they can do is to eat them."

Reginald assented to the proposition; and having

cautioned Hobson against a renewal of his former breach of propriety, entered the castle. The great bell announced the hour of dinner, and Reginald entered the hall while the attendants were loading the table with ample store of meats, fishes, vegetables, and fruits.

The Count had not arrived, and Reginald amused himself with watching the mode adopted on such an occasion. Each huntsman, and each spearman, had his particular designation and destination, and he was bound equally to keep his place at table as his position in the chase. As soon as the table was covered, large leather jugs were handed from one person to the other, out of which each filled the vessel allotted to him. The attendants, huntsmen, &c. then faced towards each other, and the men-at-arms entered, and took their allotted distances. The cooks and pages followed with the dishes of silver for the upper table, and the major-domo preceded the Count and his guests, who were ushered in with horns and martial music. The chaplain did not appear; the pages therefore chanted the benediction, and the meat began

to disappear. As appetite slackened its attack, the Count inquired after his reverend secretary; when Lorenzo stated, that on his return from Vienne with Monsieur de Chapennes, they had been amused by the rage, as well as astonished at the velocity, with which the canon had galloped past them. "My life on it," continued Lorenzo, "his reverence knows what a joust is, and has broken a lance before now for some black-eyed damsel of Spain. For the matter of that, I would swear, by his very look, that he could romance it like a crusader, and chant it like a Troubadour. O, that little mischievous urchin, Love! how does he torment us all, soldiers and citizens, princes and canons! for my part, I expect to find his reverence's glove at my chamber door, with a knot of red ribbons hung over it. O Love! Love! why won't you leave a canon alone?"

Franciscus, turning to Agenor, repeated:—

"O Love, thou conqueror of the human heart!
I own the pow'r of thy unerring dart:
With pride I own, that thou alone canst save
Thy suff'ring victim from an early grave:
Thy wounds, O Love! I willingly endure;
For as thou 'st pow'r to wound, so canst thou cure."

Monsieur de Chapennes stared, the green man nodded his head, and Lorenzo turned suddenly round, with an expression which said, "From whence come those words?"

He saw nothing particular: a very handsome young man seemed quietly eating his dinner, and the countenances of Agenor and Reginald gave no outward mark of any extraordinary occurrence.

In the town of Vienne the military were acquainted with many Spanish airs, and they knew enough of Latin to understand "Beatus ille qui,"&c. &c. accordingly, those who had any religion, when entering upon any service of danger, would make the sign of the Cross of Salvation; but of such a language as Italian, they had as little idea as they had of poetry. The education of Lorenzo, however, had not been neglected, considering the times.

His mother, who resided in great splendor in a house situated near the ancient citadel, was a lady of most captivating manners, and kind disposition. She was still very handsome, and in her youth had been beautiful. Her husband having accepted a commission in the army of the Empire, and not

being a man of letters, (ergo, not fond of corresponding,) had been reckoned among the dead. The supposed widow, by the death of a relation in a distant country, inherited a title, and a large fortune.

Madame, now the Countess de Roussigné, had, by the assistance of a clerical tutor, been enabled to give her son some instruction. Lorenzo was acquainted with Roman history, and particularly that part of it which related to the subjugation and occupation of Gaul. He was aware that Hannibal had crossed the Rhone in the neighbourhood of Avignon (then Avenion) ; but he had yet to learn that Dante had lived, written, and died ; or that such persons as Petrarca and Boccace were alive to dignify a language destined to rule over the numbers of harmony and of song. The Count Rodolphe had been equally astonished at the fire of expression, as well as the richness of intonation ; but he was too polite to make a remark, and continued to do the honors to his guests.

The dishes being removed, and the grapes piled upon the table, the chant of thanks was given,

and the pages ran off to their respective places, to devour the remnants of their master's table. The Count filled a bumper to his reverence's health. "It must be a business of some import," said he, "that hurries our canon from his pransorial hour, as he calls it: life and death at least!"

There was a silence for some seconds, which was broken by Agenor:

"Leaving your chamber, my father, I found our guests convulsed with laughter, while the canon was bursting with rage. The amusement and anger were caused by a hawk, our favorite, sir: indeed, if you regard it now, you will almost fancy it understands our conversation. Look, how its wings flutter, and its eyes glisten! It was, sir, a very ridiculous case, and probably irritated his reverence, who is not of the mildest temperament."

"No doubt," said the gentleman in green.

"He speaks," whispered Lorenzo to Reginald: "by Jove, he speaks!"

This observation having passed at the back of the Count's chair, was overheard, and Rodolphe smiled:

"Monsieur Jaques de Chapennes," said the Count, "have you seen our worthy chaplain, the canon Hubert?"

"No, sir Count."

"How fared you in the famed city of Vienne?" inquired Rodolphe.—The answer shall be conveyed in another chapter.

CHAP. XVI.

LE BAVARD'S TALE.

With solemn face Monsieur de Chapennes thus began: "Why, as for faring, sir Count, I have travelled through Normandy, Britanny, Alsace, Brabant, Belgium, Burgundy, Navarre, and Aquitaine, besides Gascony, where I was, humbly speaking, born, and, if I may use the expression, educated;—and never, by master of school, by master at arms, or any other master, was I so treated. Imagine you, sir Count, that, without an accusation against me, without committing a fault, (unless you

call drinking some bad wine, and smoking some charred wood in a guard-room, a fault,) I was ordered to be locked up in the strong chamber by that whiskered villain, that ill-favored Spaniard. I might probably have been left to die by the rascally governor, (whom I could bastinado with pleasure,) but for the providential arrival of this youth. Would I had him at the point of my sword!"

"Well done, Bayard!" said Lorenzo; "if there were but two steel points between thee and Whiskerandos, by my troth he would kill thee first; and if his cook was in good-humour, and dressed thee with a savoury sauce, eat thee afterwards."

"I know nothing of what you call killing and eating; mayhap, captain Lorenzo, a Spaniard might find a Gascon as difficult to conquer as to digest."

"Or comprehend," whispered Lorenzo.

"I pray you, proceed, senor!" said De Montleans.

"Well then, sir Count, you must know, that a good-natured, dirt-covered old woman, with a brandy nose and flesh-concealed peepers, took compassion on me, and saved me from positive starvation.

"About an hour (it appeared to me ten hours) after these young gentlemen left me, the said old dame came to the strong room, and by the help of a key which hung at her girdle-end, opened another door, and we entered a tolerable room, with a cheerful fire, one table, and two chairs. I should mention, also, there was a lamp; and to say the truth, there was a vinous smell: even that did me some good. I stared about, and seated myself.

"The old dame touched a spring, and opened what I thought was a wall, but which was her treasury. From this she took two bottles of wine, and two silver tumblers: they had been lately used; but this was not a time to stand on trifles. Well, thought I, if we had but something to eat! My hostess, having closed the door, unrolled that which I had taken for a large stomach, but which was in fact a large loaf of bread. I am not delicate, and was glad to find such a petticoat could cover any thing so good.

"I made a hearty meal of the 'petit pain,' as they call it, and soon swallowed my allowance of wine; for the old girl had divided fairly: but she had

sipped and enjoyed while I had gulped and swallowed. Old Hospitality (at another's expense, I dare say) handed out a third bottle."

"You were very welcome, Mons. le Gascon!" said the kind-hearted Lorenzo: "the cellar was mine: Reginald and myself drank from the tumblers before you."

"All the better for that; I like to know whom to thank, and whom to follow."

"But give us the end of your story," said the host.

"Yes, sir Count! Well then, being fatigued, I complained that I was drowsy; and I was informed that there were two beds above stairs, one of which belonged to the son of my hostess; 'but,' said she, 'the two Gascons, father and son, are gone to a gaieté, and will come home as drunk as two swine.'

"I tried to persuade the old devil that it was the Gascon who fought, and the Breton who drank; but all to no purpose: so up stairs we went, and dark and dismal was the way; but the bed was tolerable, and I was tired, and tumbled in, glad to find a resting-place. My guide, who by the mo-

tion of walking had become a little gay, carolled forth a song, and then returned to sit up, as she said, for her husband: what she did could be no business of mine; and whether or not she returned to the charge below, was a matter of indifference to me."

"Well, sir?"

"Well, sir count, I fell asleep, and I do not think I kept my being asleep a secret. How long I remained in that situation I do not know; but I dreamed I heard a noise like men beating corn out of straw, and thought the noise made me feel sore. I awoke. Guess my horror and astonishment, when I found myself in bed with the old woman! She had thrown herself upon me, her clothes on, and seemed either dead or dead drunk, for she made no reply to the thumps and oaths administered to her by two ill-looking, square-built peasants, who seemed determined to manifest their strength and their revenge. Fortunately for me, the old dame had fallen in such a manner as to protect me from the violence of their blows; for her rolled-up garments formed a bastion suf-

ficient to protect a larger man than myself. I endeavoured to explain, by lifting up my head from time to time, but the operators were too vinous to listen to reason. Fortunately for me, a blow or two touched my companion more keenly than before; and her cries, with the oaths and protestations of the assailants, brought up a sub-officer of the guard.

"Laughter for awhile prevented any thing being done; but at last, turning over the old dame, he released me from my entrenched position, as well as from the attack of my assailants, and conducted me to the strong room. Having accommodated me with a watch-cloak, he amused himself with jests at my expense, saying, 'travellers were not nice,' 'old women were better than none at all,' 'soldiers' fare,' &c. &c. My miseries did not end here; for the next morning I was ordered to attend the governor, to answer the charges brought against me by the dame. I knew that the wine had made her oblivious; but I remembered also her hospitality, and determined therefore to tell such lies as would best suit the occasion.

"The governor took his old place, leaning against the table, and the dame was on one side, attended by her husband and son; while I, unsupported by any evidence, was to defend myself if I could, and if not, submit to judgment. It soon appeared that mine hostess's only object was to get herself out of the scrape, and I found it best to acknowledge that I was subject to sudden fits of derangement.

"'Bread and water and castigation are the best cures,' said the governor.

"'That is too severe for the poor young man,' said the dame: 'if he did not mean to insult my virtue, I must intercede for pardon.'

"'Why did you dare appeal to me, unless you were determined to abide by my judgment?' retorted Don Calderos.

"'Senor governor! you are an officer,' said I, 'a gentleman of distinction, and a wise judge. The bread, the water, and the rod are, it is true, useful at the moment when the party is afflicted; but when he is not, they may bring on the disease. Permit me to offer her this piece of gold.'

"'What! such a piece of gold as that? it is a

handsome coin,' said the governor, pocketing it: 'give her a piece of silver.'

"The recommendation was complied with, and I was released."

CHAP. XVI.

THE ROSEBUD OF VIENNE.

Reginald and Lorenzo left the castle, to inquire after the baggage mules; and Agenor, having apologized to his friend, accompanied them. On arriving at the Port St. Marcel, an officer was waiting with orders from the governor for Lorenzo to attend him forthwith at Fort Pipet.

"Reginald," said the captain, "go to my mother, the Countess de Roussigné, and tell her I am ordered to Pipet. She will understand. There's something more than meets the eye.—The old fox!" He then added, turning to the officer,—"I attend."

Hawkwood was ordered to inquire at the hostelry after the baggage, and the young friends rode

on. In passing the gate of the palace, Reginald observed that it would be proper for him to make inquiries after his highness's health.

On opening the gate, the attendant in waiting requested them to alight, for his highness was in his library. The prince being informed who his visitors were, ordered them to be admitted instantly.

The primate was drinking his evening beverage in an apartment of singular elegance, adorned with paintings, charts, parchments, &c. &c. In various niches there were antique heads, in bronze, of Homer, Sophocles, Cicero, and other poets and orators of the Grecian and Roman schools. The room was lighted by a window of stained glass, which made the objects distinguishable, though not clear. On the table lay a family chart, or pedigree, superbly emblazoned, which his excellency had been engaged in examining. The primate received his visitors with that sort of urbanity which an acquaintance with society gives, and which is doubly increased in its effect when it proceeds from a high dignitary of the church.

Reginald expressed his thanks for the hospita-

lity with which he had before been entertained at the palace, and which had rendered it necessary for the primate to repeat the order for his attendance. The prince could not understand to what his visitor alluded; but the major-domo, in a whisper, informed him of the directions for refreshment that had been given by captain Lorenzo.

"That was right, Dominique! in the mansions of the rich and fortunate, hospitality should always reign. With persons of rank, it is a pleasure; with persons of religious habits, it is a duty."

The primate then inquired for Lorenzo, expressing astonishment that he was not present, having given Reginald to his special charge; but he concluded with—"I suppose the good boy is gone to his mother."

"Whatever were his wishes on that subject, illustrious sir! they were disappointed; for upon our arrival at the gate, an officer arrested our progress; and all I know is the message I am to carry, from her son, to that lady."

"An officer arrest your progress, and under the conduct of the captain of my body-guard? He

shall be punished; but as to the message, speak it, sir;"—(addressing de Vavasour, in an authoritative manner, and displeased tone.)

Reginald, being thus commanded, hesitated to reply. His mind wavered between inclination to offer defiance, and a wish to serve his friend. The primate added, in a milder tone,—"You are with a friend; you may speak safely here." Reginald then repeated the message intrusted to him.

"Lose no time in going," said his highness: "the Countess has just received news which she wishes to communicate to Lorenzo. Dominique, send Adolphe here."

The page arrived.

"Take this signet, boy, to the Countess de Roussigné," pursued the primate.

Agenor and De Vavasour made respectful obeisances, and followed their young guide. On the left of the corridor, there was a bronze gate, richly embossed with figures of Bacchus, Silenus, and Bacchantes, with fantastic groupes of merry rustic deities. The character of the gate announced that it led to gardens, which formerly appertained to the

palace of the emperor: through it they passed, and, crossing a covered walk, ascended some steps. Here they perceived an entrance of Grecian form, beautiful in its simplicity. Adolphe sounded a bell, and the door opened. They traversed a long corridor, cased with variegated marble, the production of Egypt, Greece, and Italy; and arrived at a superb staircase. The balustrades were of Morescan columns, glittering with various colors. The landing-place was adorned, on each side, by classic groupes of ancient sculpture. Venus attired by the Graces, and Mars disarmed by Venus, were subjects on which the Grecian chisel had successfully labored.

A second door was thrown open on their arrival, and the party entered a spacious apartment, with doors on every side. Adolphe disappeared, but quickly returning, led the way to the presence-chamber of the Countess de Roussigné.

The climate of the south had not withered the resplendent beauties of the mother of the gay, handsome Lorenzo: "she look'd a goddess, and she moved a queen." Near to the Countess sat

a female, whose features, as well as figure, were hidden by a long and thick veil, which, though capable of being divided, was now nearly closed.

"This signet, sir, makes you welcome here," said the Countess. "What can we offer you in our humble house?"

"Beautiful lady," said Reginald, bending his knee, "I have a message to deliver from the captain Lorenzo."

"Why comes he not himself? But true,—he has the prince's orders to attend a young French gallant arrived express from the court of France."

"I am that gallant, lady! and your son requested me to say, that he was ordered to Fort Pipet."

"To Fort Pipet? Does the prince know this?"

"Yes, madam! on our way hither, my friend, Count Agenor de Montleans, and myself, waited on the prince."

The Countess apologized for not having been acquainted with the rank of her guest; and after a few general observations, she again pursued her inquiries as to the situation of her son.

"Upon the assurance of safety to my young

friend, I related to the primate what had been done," said Reginald.

"Did the prince give no orders?"

"Not in my presence, madam. He ordered me to communicate immediately with the Countess de Roussigné, and the last word I heard was—'Dominique!'"

At that moment a bell sounded; in a few seconds the noise of feet in active motion was heard; and the door of the apartment being thrown open, Adolphe advanced through the suite of apartments, and announced the Prince de Rougemont. The young damsel started up, and in her haste the folds of her veil flew back. Agenor could not refrain from saying, "How lovely! Would that Franciscus saw her! He, I am sure, would prove to you, Reginald, that this blushing rose-bud, just bursting into beauty, is far more attractive than all the full-blown flowers you ever saw, at your fair city of Paris, the gay court of London, or any other court, except the court of Love, where Venus must preside."

While Agenor was thus speaking, his auditor

was occupied in viewing the transformation which had taken place. Instead of the grave and majestic primate, there stood before him an animated prince of middle age; his form light and muscular, his height majestic, and his habit splendid and becoming.

The under robe, or tunic, was scarlet, of Grecian shape, and being of proper shortness, displayed a well-turned leg and neat ancle, adorned with sandals superbly ornamented. The girdle was one mass of precious stones, and his short sword of broad Roman shape was cased in a scabbard of scarlet velvet embroidered with pearls, while the handle was studded with rubies. The robe, of purple velvet, was richly embroidered with gold, and trimmed with most beautiful fur; and the cap was coroneted with jewels.

Short curly black hair gave his highness more the air of a Spanish grandee than an archiepiscopal prince.

The Countess and the young lady received the prince with most graceful and gracious courtesies.

"I am come, madame, not only to pay my homage

at the shrine of beauty," exclaimed his highness, "but to entreat a hospitable reception. The news which you have received from Germany have also exhilarated me, inasmuch as the favors of the emperor will be beneficial to your son."

"I am sure," returned the lady, "your highness honors us too much. I will give instant orders for such preparation as the shortness of the notice will admit of."

This conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the subject of it, and Lorenzo hastened to throw himself at the feet of his mother.

"Rise, my beloved son—now Count Lorenzo de Lunheim. The baron Fredericksburg has been created, for his services, a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, and has also been rewarded by the gift of a château and large estate in Bohemia, with the reversion to you and your heirs, &c."

"That is news indeed, madam!" exclaimed her son.

Lorenzo then whispered something in his sister's ear, which seemed to be of an agreeable nature.

The collation, now announced, was more adapted

to please the eye than to satisfy the craving appetite of youth.

"My dear mother, this is the prettiest collection of fruits, flowers, and confectionery I ever beheld; but the air of Pipet is very bracing and wholesome: with your leave, I will ask for something more fitted for a soldier."

The entrance of Dominique, well attended, relieved Lorenzo from his fears; and his countenance brightened up, while Agenor sat lost in wonder at the roses and lilies which were blended in the complexion of the young sylph. When the ladies retired, Lorenzo accompanied his mother to her private apartment. The prince, at the solicitation of the Countess, took her vacant seat.

"My young friend," remarked his highness, "you are very abstemious, or very thoughtful, or very —— but no matter; it is not my business to pry into the secrets of friends so much younger than myself. Were it your father, count Agenor! we should be on equal terms; but he has uniformly avoided me; yet, if he knew me, he would pity, rather than dislike, his nominal sovereign."

"My father, sir, has two leading passions,—war, and the chase,—he is, besides, sir, what may be called a bon-vivant. Perhaps, sire, he thinks his habits would not render him a congenial companion to the primate of all the primacies of Gaul."

"Probably it is so; but I can be the primate with Don Calderos or Father Hubert, and Albert de Rougemont with Reginald and Agenor. Here is a health to our absent hostess, whose hospitality should be requited by our devotion, even if we do not pay homage to her beauty."

Reginald eulogized both, and the vin de Lunel did no discredit to the toast.

"That's a generous wine," exclaimed he; "there's nothing in merry England can vie with that, in drinking to a fair lady's health."

"The south of France," observed the prince, "is famous for its wines; and there is none more suited for a lady's table than that which you now praise. Here is another wine, which is very palatable with preserves,—the Muscat de Frontignac. Count Agenor, I pledge you to the health of the fair daughter of the house, whom I call the 'Rose-

bud of Vienne,'—the Countess Rosalie de Lunheim; for the rank of the Count gives an equal title to his children."

Agenor blushing filled his glass, and, standing up, drank to the health of "the lovely Rosebud of Vienne."

The prince noticed the warmth with which his toast had been received, but at the time said nothing which could lead to a supposition that he felt any interest in the subject.

"This is the first time I have had the pleasure of meeting the Count Agenor de Montleans," said he: "it is the second time that I have had the happiness of seeing you, De Vavasour; and though ignorant of your rank, I feel confident that you are of noble birth."

Reginald, with an inclination of his head, thanked the prince for his courtesy. "Sire, I am now an undistinguished individual; but I feel a spirit within, which tells me I shall not always remain so: there is a mystery relative to my parentage which I have never been able to develop. At an early age, I was placed under the protection of

Queen Isabel of England, and though something older than Prince Edward, I have been his youthful playfellow. I accompanied them to Paris; and the queen, on departing for Hainault, expressed her desire that I should travel. King Charles sent me hither, and I now wait his further orders. My desire is, the pursuit of chivalry; and my wish, to be with the queen and prince Edward; but I am bound to obey queen Isabel."

"I have seen princess Isabel in her beauty, and have since been a soldier, though now I am—a priest," returned his highness.

There was a pause, and a melancholy tone, which did not escape the observation of Agenor. He sighed.

This roused the prince from a reverie; and with an affected gaiety, he said:—"Count Agenor, you admire the 'Rosebud,' if I mistake not?"

"Yes, sire, I do."

"So my thoughts divined. When, at supper, the hunting party was mentioned, both Lorenzo and his sister colored: they little suspect that I know the cause: at least, I know there is a tempt-

ing object likely to be present; and unless your eyes are dim, or your hearts guarded by prior attachments, Aurelie de Roussillon will make slaves of you both."

"For my part," said Reginald, "I defy the whole sex; but, if I were inclined to fall in love, the Countess de Roussigné should be my mark."

The prince colored, and again remained silent. A messenger arrived from the Count de Montleans, with an earnest request that Reginald would be on the ground in good time for the morning's sport. The prince took his leave, and the young men arranged their plans for the morrow.

As Reginald and Agenor were placed in adjoining apartments, they continued to converse till a late hour. Agenor exhausted the whole store of his imagination in rapturous praise of the lovely Rosalie: her accomplishments; her sweetness of temper; in short, "all that youthful poets fancy when they love,"—although he had not heard one syllable fall from her lips: it is true, they moved, but what she said was uttered to her brother only, and with such a maiden bashfulness as if she trembled

at the sounds she made; so that even Lorenzo was obliged to guess more than half the sentence: but it was the first time Agenor felt what it was to love, or fancy that he loved.

Reginald did not feel the influence of non-expressive sentiment, but he felt the effects of hard riding over bad roads; and while Agenor reflected on the fair cheek, now suffused with blushes, and now subdued with maiden fears, Reginald rejoiced in the comforts of so civilized a family. "The furniture in such good taste;—the countess so handsome and so agreeable;—the prince so captivating and so condescending:—a very pleasant quarter, for a month, would the Maison de Roussigné be."

In the indulgence of such reflections, Reginald fell into a sound slumber, and left Agenor to his sleeping as well as waking thoughts.

> "How sweet to dwell upon the thought
> Of melting joys, and wounding blisses!
> Pleasures too often dearly bought,
> And freedom lost for maiden kisses."

CHAP. XVII.

THE GREEN MAN.

As the first streaks of light announced the approach of day, Lorenzo was ready to hand Agenor the morning cup, and to wish him agreeable sport and good fortune. A message arrived from the prince: "With the permission of the Countess, I will breakfast with you one hour after sun-rise." Lorenzo awakened Reginald, and conveyed to his mother, through the medium of her page, the billet of his highness.

The conversation was less restrained than that of the preceding evening: whether it was the absence of Count Agenor, or the brightness of the sun, which encouraged Rosalie, it is not easy to say; but she entered into the anticipated pleasures of the chase, and almost expressed a wish to be present.

Previously to the departure of Reginald, the

prince requested to say a few words to him in private.

"I did not think it prudent, last night," said his highness, "to express more clearly the nature of my feelings. The station I hold compels me to be upon my guard. These are dangerous times; it behoves me personally to view and to encounter peril, if any there be. The hunting party arranged for this day is not one of mere show or gaiety. If I mistake not, we shall be made acquainted with its real intent before this hour to-morrow. You have seen a gentleman in green at the château de Montleans?"

"I have, sire."

"I suspect that person to be the Count de Lunheim."

"And why is he not here, sire?"

"That is a question which perhaps I ought not to answer; but to say that I cannot, would be speaking the thing which is not true. At present, however, we must not converse frankly, for we may be interrupted. Think you, Count Agenor loves the Lady Rosalie?"

"Yes, sire."

"It is possible; there are many instances of love at first sight; but I would consider it my duty, before he involved himself further in an attachment which his father might not (and I fear would not) approve, to give certain details which some perhaps might think need not be told, especially by me, but which I am of opinion ought to be made known. Another opportunity, however, will suit this purpose better: for were I now to enter into these details, Lorenzo would probably interrupt the thread of my narrative, and I do not wish him to suspect who the stranger is."

"Has he never seen the ———?"

"Hush! I think not: nor could I identify him; but the chaplain knew his peculiar grasp this morning, and the removal of the cowl satisfied the green man who his acquaintance was. Father Hubert galloped off to give me the information, which I ordered should be kept secret from the governor. Apropos! the cunning Don sent for Lorenzo, in order to question him as to the inmates of the château; but the captain of our body-guard knew his

duty better than to reply, and my orders to him to join me at the palace put a stop to further inquiry. Here comes Lorenzo, and I can see, by the flashing of his eye, that he is eager for the sport. Lorenzo, you will conduct your friend to the meeting-ground, and then—I am sorry to be an impediment to your amusement,—but you must then return to the palace."

Lorenzo looked the picture of disappointment; but soon recovered his military composure.

"Sire, you have honored me by intrusting the safety of your person to my care, and no sacrifice of pleasure on my part can repay the benefits I owe you. Were it not better that I should now remain?"

"Lorenzo, it is a soldier's duty to obey orders. Yours were to convey this gallant Frenchman to the field, and then return. You understand."

As Lorenzo and Reginald rode through what had been, in the time of the Romans, the Campus Martius, Lorenzo was surprised to see his men drawn out without his having had any information on the subject; but he was too good a soldier to let

them know his ignorance. He gave some necessary directions to his lieutenants. As they moved on, they necessarily passed by the curious pyramidical cenotaph, now called L'Aiguille. "In the time of the Romans," said Lorenzo, "this spot was the centre of the city, and there are many traditions concerning it. Some say it is the tomb of one of the Cæsars; others aver it to be that of Pontius Pilate, who, they report, hung himself, during the reign of Caligula, in the tower called after him. Others again declare it to be the tomb of Viennius, a chief of the Allobroges, who was supposed to be the original founder of the city. It probably was built in honor of some great person: look at the angles ornamented with columns;- a great deal of labor must have been bestowed on the structure."

"It would be an excellent shelter in a storm of rain," said Reginald.

Trotting on at a quick pace, they soon arrived at the square fortress, which had served for one of the outworks of the town. Here they were received

by an officer belonging to the house of Roussillon; for the fortress stood on its territory.

As they rode slowly over the steep and slippery road, Lorenzo said, "Who can our friend in green be? I do not think Father Hubert will cross his legs under the same table with him again in a hurry. What a powerful swing he gave him! Certainly he must be a warrior, and methinks Hubert too has seen some service. Did you remark the deep scar on his forehead? I hope my men are not drawn out for any offensive movement against a guest of Montleans.—I love the young Agenor as if he were my brother—would he were so really!—first, because dear little Rosalie would get a good husband; and secondly, for selfish reasons;—he would no longer have pretensions to a certain young lady, who shall be nameless. But poor little Rosalie has no chance against such a rival. Every body will allow that my sister has glossy hair, blue eyes, and a pink and white face; but the other fair one is a divinity in human form."

"I imagine she must be very divine indeed, to

erase the impression made by the little Rosalie, as you call her: for my part, while so beautiful a person as your mother is present, I cannot look at your sister. I admire a handsome woman pretty much as I would a handsome man or a handsome horse; and where the superlative is present, who can attend to the comparative?"

"Well, we shall see the true superlative to-day."

The meeting-ground appeared in view, and the party were assembled. "Here my duty ends," said Lorenzo; and Reginald was presented in due form to the Count de Roussillon, and his daughter, the Lady Aurélie.

The former appeared a grief-worn aged man, with gray locks, a sunken eye, and withered cheeks; presenting a strong contrast to the healthy, vigorous, and cheerful Rodolphe de Montleans. The lady was the beau-idéal of beauty. Her dark hazel eye spoke to the soul;—but, fortunately for Reginald, his was a soul not easily spoken to. Lorenzo took an opportunity of addressing her without being heard.

"Count Agenor," said he, "supped with us

yester-evening, and I hope has thought, during the night, of my sister's beauty. Poor soul!—she could not shine in presence of such a glorious luminary as we now behold; but first impressions have a good effect; and I leave you with a mind more at ease than if last night had been passed by Agenor in sound sleep, at Montleans, instead of dreaming of love at Roussigné." After concluding this not very politic speech, Lorenzo galloped off.

Aurélie, with all her beauty, had a spark of coquetry in her composition. She had never, until this day, seen Count Agenor; and not being acquainted with her father's plans, had not the power of deciding whether she should make or mar them. She undoubtedly felt a preference for Lorenzo to all others whom she had seen; but what was violent love, with him, was, with her, if properly investigated, a sort of vague fancy. No sooner had she learnt that there was a rival to eclipse, than she determined to enter the lists;—and so little did Aurélie think of Rosalie's powers, that she decided, in her own mind, that one day would be sufficient for the contest. Agenor had not as yet addressed her,

nay, when presented, did not seem to notice there was such a person in the field. At first, she considered this might be habitual inattention to politeness; then she attributed it to eagerness for the chase; but now that she knew the cause, she was doubly excited to know whether the armour that cased his heart was of proof. But how was this to be effected? Maidenly reserve and dignity must not be sacrificed, yet the point must be carried.—Nous verrons.

The arrangements for the chase were just concluded, when Count Rodolphe was informed that a boar had been tracked to a thicket, where they were sure he was now lying.

"Then Agenor," said he, "shall take care of the Lady Aurélie:" but no Agenor was to be found; and the Count and his daughter bent their way to a place where they could be secure from any attack or accident.

The old Count was grieved that Agenor was absent, as he himself might with a good grace have left the field open to the chances of love. He remembered how beautiful a young woman looks

with a little timidity well expressed. He also knew that the situation of a romantic cave was a great encourager of confidence, and felt how very naturally the expression, "protector for life," might spring out of the words—"happiness in being your protector for the day;"—but there was no Agenor, and so there could be no immediate hope.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE WOODMAN'S CAVE.

THE horse on which the Count de Roussillon was mounted fell, and was so severely injured, that it was impossible for him to ascend the steep path that led to the woodman's grot. The Count's nerves were none of the best: he considered this an ill omen, and determined to return home; but in vain did he request his daughter to accompany him to the castle. She wished to see the chase; and said her page and two attendants would be quite sufficient protection in so safe a

position. Her father at length acquiesced, and, taking the horse of one of his attendants, rode towards the château. As lady Aurélie slowly ascended the mount, she fancied that she heard sounds like music; and, on approaching nearer to the cave, plainly distinguished the following words sung by a sweet yet plaintive voice:

> "Venite a noi parlar, s' altri nol niega
> Quali columbe dal desio chiamate,
> Con l' ali aperte e ferme, al dolce nido
> Volan per l' aer dal voler portate."*

"You are too melancholy, Franciscus!" exclaimed another; "consider, this is a day of sport; and to us let the novelty at least be an incitement."

"'Tis true, my friend," returned the vocalist; "I am depressed, yet Dante revives me;—and

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* Come, wearied spirits, and with us discourse!
O hither come, if not restrain'd by force.
As doves, invited by their fond desire,
On wide-spread pinions to their nests retire,
Cleaving the air they firmly float along,
Borne by their wishes towards love's plaintive song.

though I feel that all for me is woe, yet I can for a while forget my sorrows in repeating the sentiments of that mighty poet. I wish I had his powers to tell what my heart feels.

> ' S'io avessi le rime e aspre, e chiocce,
> Come si converebbe al tristo buco,
> Sovra 'l qual pontan tutte l' altre rocce;
> I' premerei di mio concetto il suco
> Più pienamente!!'"*

" Well recited, Franciscus! now if some lovely nymph were but to smile approbation, how soon would the gulf of woe be transferred to an enchantress's cave, and inspiration and poetry give lustre to this wild grot! Would that the pretty Rosalie were here!"

At the sound of this well-known name, Aurélie determined to follow her father to the castle, and to escape, if possible, the notice of the two lovers of harmony.

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* " Oh! had I rough hoarse thunder in my verse,
To match this gulf of woe, on all sides round
O'erbrow'd with rocks! then dreadfully should roar
The mighty torrent of my song."—Boyd.

She had scarcely reached the path which led to the castle, when the shouts of hunters, the baying of hounds, and a rush through distant thickets, sounded as warnings of danger.

Aurélie was naturally courageous, but her nerves now shrank with alarm; and she trembled when she beheld, almost at her horse's feet, an enormous wild boar, which had been driven in this direction for her amusement.

"Heavens! what's to be done?" exclaimed she.

Her page leaped from his horse, and, gallantly seizing her bridle, turned the animal round, and cried, "Ride, lady! for your life ride!" The two attendants were terrified at the sight of the sanguinary beast, with foaming mouth, and blood-streaked eyes almost bursting from their sockets with the sense of agony and desire of revenge. A whirring sound announced the quick passage of a missile through the air; and she saw a spear strike the side of the boar, but which, glancing along his bristly hide, inflicted a severe wound on the hind-leg of her horse.

The noble animal, snorting with fright and pain,

sprung forward, and released himself by the effort from the grasp of the page, who was thrown with great violence on the ground. The horse flew forward, slowly followed by the boar, whom some of the hounds continued to pursue; while others, by a change of note, announced that a deer had crossed their path. The motion of the horse became every moment less rapid and less firm, and Aurélie distinctly heard a noise which announced the approach of her enemy. As a despairing effort, she screamed aloud; and Agenor, who was attracted by the cry to the mouth of the cave, saw her danger, and rushed to her succour. He precipitated himself on a lofty tree, the branches of which gave way with his weight, but sufficiently broke his fall to enable him to reach an ancient and lofty pine, by which he could descend with ease to a rock overhanging a rivulet.

The horse had meanwhile arrived at the verge of one of those steep and slippery descents which led to this stream; and, checking the force of his movements by the resistance of his hinder legs, he had almost reached the bottom in safety, when the

poor animal could no longer use the wounded limb, and fell on his side exhausted. From the posture in which he lay, the rider was safe from injury; but her dress was so entangled with the saddle that she could not spring from her position.

Perceiving the boar slowly approaching, the frightened horse instinctively rolled over into the thick cover, while its rider was precipitated several yards towards the brook. Agenor had by this time reached the last shelf of the rock, and leaping firmly on the ground before the terrified lady, prepared for her defence.

As it was the first time he had partaken of this amusement, he felt diffident with regard to a conflict which must be fatal to both, if his courage or success failed; but for such an object as that which lay before him, "pale as monumental marble," who could feel himself a man, and not a brave one?

Beauty and danger aroused every manly feeling in his breast, and with a firm grasp he fixed his boar-spear in the ground, sustaining it with his right foot, while his left was advanced so as to

throw his body, if he failed in saving Aurélie and himself also, between her and the enemy.

The boar rushed on his opponent, received the spear in his breast, but still struggled on: the courage of Agenor was more durable than his weapon; which breaking, he fell forward, while the boar rolled on the earth weltering in blood, but at the same time inflicting a severe wound upon the arm of Agenor. At this critical moment Aurélie was restored to sense, and screamed with horror at seeing the bleeding Agenor close to her side, and the monstrous boar plunging on the ground, and tearing it up with his tusks. Agenor had succeeded in drawing his sword, and was endeavouring to place himself on his knees between the wounded lady and death, when, lightly bounding from his horse, Reginald, with a back stroke of his sword, inflicted a mortal wound on the fierce beast, which, rearing upon its hind legs, fell dead at the feet of the conqueror. Vavasour blew his hunting horn, and in a few minutes Hawkwood was by his side. Agenor directed his immediate attention to the bleeding damsel.

"Behind that projecting rock," said he, "there is a spring of pure water. You had better carry the lady thither, for some hermit has of old built a moss-covered seat on which she can recline: when convenient, send Hawkwood to me, for I shall soon require his aid."

The lady Aurélie could scarcely feel sufficient confidence in her returning strength to thank her protector. At last she whispered, "How is the poor youth?" Agenor was so occupied in gazing upon the finely-proportioned form before him, that the tender tone of inquiry did not reach his ear; but Reginald, whose heart beat but for deeds of chivalry, turned to his friend, and embracing him affectionately, said, "The lady Aurélie desires to know 'how is the poor youth'"?

"Tell her," said the wounded man, "Agenor is well, quite well: but bear her to the hermit's fountain, and then let your squire bind up this trifling hurt."

The lady was carefully removed to the appointed spot, and by the refreshing application of cold

water, both internally and externally, was much recovered. Here Franciscus joined them, and Hawkwood returned to Agenor: fortunately he had practised under a barber-surgeon before entering the service of Reginald, and having stanched the blood, he bound up the wound in a scientific manner. In a few minutes three or four old hounds came limping up, panting and bleeding.

"There is assistance nigh," said Agenor; "blow two points on this horn." The notes were answered, and three men appeared. "Assist," continued the wounded youth, "in carrying lady Aurélie to the castle, and then return for me." The page of Aurélie now joined the party; but his wrist had been dislocated, and he therefore could be of little use. Aurélie insisted upon remaining, unless Agenor could also be removed:—it was at last decided that two attendants should assist Franciscus in carrying Agenor, and that Hawkwood and the chasseur were to aid Reginald in supporting lady Aurélie. In the course of an hour, a quantity of osiers had been cut, and, with the addition

of some young ash, transformed into litters. While the men were occupied in preparation, the lady Aurélie addressed herself to Franciscus.

" By the tones of your voice, I am assured it was you whom I heard singing in the woodman's cave."

" I uttered a few words."

" They were spoken in a language I do not understand, but it is one well adapted for music."

" The composition in music was my own fancy: the words were written by an Italian poet lately deceased."

" What was his name?"

" Dante; and I prophecy it will be one day honored: his fate was a hard one."

" Would you oblige me by repeating a passage from this famous author?"

" You liked those lines I recited to you at Montleans, Agenor," said the minstrel, turning to the young Count; " I will try them again.

' Negli occhi porta la mia Donna amore,
Perchè si fa gentil ciò ch' ella mira:

Ov' ella passa ogni uom ver lei si gira:
E cui salute fa tremar lo core;
Si che bassando il viso tutto s'muore,
Ed ogni suo difetto allor sospira;
Fuggi dinanzi a lei superbia ed ira;
Ajutatemi, donne, a farle onore.
Ogni dolcezza, ogni pensiero umile
Nasce nel core, a cui parlar la sente,
Onde è beato chi prima la vide.
Quel ch' ella par quando un poco sorride,
Non si può dire nè tenere a mente;
Si è nuovo miracolo è gentile.'"*

Aurélie was pleased, and she suspected that her own form might have made Agenor turn and gaze. She well recollected her determination to win, if not his heart, his admiration;—and this led her to think of her disfigured state. The litters being

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* Love is seated in my mistress' eyes,—
Whate'er she looks on, men must richly prize;
Where'er she moves, men wond'ring turn and gaze:
Assist me, ladies, in this fair one's praise.
Whom she salutes, his heart with tremor beats,
And from his downcast face all color fleets.—
But gentleness and love united spring
Within men's raptured breasts who hear her sing:
'Tis blessedness my mistress to behold;
To paint her smile, all language is too cold.

ready, the page led the way, and Reginald bore in his arms the lovely form that would have surpassed even the lady of Dante's inspiration.

Any young knight-errant, except our hero, must have fallen in love with his fair burthen, or at all events have felt a rapid beating at the heart, when his firm grasp encircled and upheld the languid but lovely girl. Reginald however saw nothing but a wounded fellow-creature, and felt nothing but pity. But with some, pity is akin to love, and the empire of little Rosalie was certainly in danger of tottering on its foundation.

Some time necessarily elapsed before the party reached the castle; but notwithstanding the unevenness of motion, the lady arrived in better spirits than could have been imagined. The difficulties they had to encounter had served for amusement, and Aurélie occasionally rallied her supporter as to the danger of coming in contact with a lovely blood-stained nymph like herself. She had received a slight hurt above the temple, which had bled profusely, and her hand had been both torn and cut; so that, what with her own

wounds, and the blood communicated from that of Agenor, she certainly made any thing but a lovely appearance.

" I have always been told, sir knight," observed she, " that mine is a Juno-like form; but I dare say you wish it were more nymph-like, more resembling the figure of the lady Rosalie."

Reginald assured her that the weight was nothing, and that the steep and slippery path was the cause of her being so discomposed.

" Come, sir knight," rejoined she, " you shall not disparage my plump form; I know that I could not pass through the eye of a bodkin."

" Be assured, lady, that I could, singly, and with ease, bear the weight that you estimate so greatly."

" Try, try, sir knight!"

To her surprise, Reginald very coolly passed his left arm under her reclining figure, and balancing her form across his body, proceeded leisurely towards the castle, which now appeared in view, and to which a fine sloping terrace gave an easy approach. The change was of great advantage to

Agenor. With the additional assistance, they were enabled, by uniting the two small, to make one large litter, on which they laid Agenor at full length, and then advanced to the château. Whether Aurélie was determined to make two conquests, or to insure one, or whether it was only pure gratitude that dictated the compliments, we cannot tell; but certainly her honied tongue conveyed sweet praise; and if she did not contrive to make the bearer of such charms in love with his burthen, she probably succeeded in making him in love with himself—in other words, excellently well satisfied with his own conduct.

CHAP. XIX.

THE LEECH.

THE château wore more the air of a castellated palace than a building of defence. The magnificent terrace led to a gate partly of Roman architecture, over which the arms of all the families into which the house of Roussillon had married were richly carved and gilt. The interior of the mansion displayed suites of lofty and well-proportioned rooms, and in attached and detached squares were the appropriate offices. In the great hall the domestics were preparing for the return of the hunting party. Through this it was necessary that the wounded lady should pass, or be carried through various intricate and dark passages, in order to reach her own apartment.

Reginald placed his fair burthen on a large oaken bench, and sent a messenger to the Count, who, on receiving the sad news, rushed into the hall, his eyes streaming with tears, and his gray

hairs thrown from his forehead and temples, so that they might not intercept the view of a beloved and only child.

The Count raved at his own folly in allowing his daughter to be present at such an accursed sport. He—(yes, we must speak the truth,) he cursed aloud all sports and sportsmen. "Hush, friend!" cried Rodolphe, who had just entered; "hush!—do not curse us all. It is unfortunate; but still, I trust, lady Aurélie will do well, and live to thank this brave youth, who seems to have been her only hope."

"Appearances are deceitful; and with respect to this lady, I trust worse than reality. For myself," pursued Reginald, "I was not her only hope; your gallant son was her defender, and he is also wounded."

"Wounded! how? where? when? tell me instantly!" furiously exclaimed Count Rodolphe: "this comes from my allowing him to quit my side!"

"Had he not left your side, this lady would not have lived to bless him with her thanks."

While Reginald spoke, Agenor, who had sunk under the exhaustion of pain and loss of blood, was brought in, attended by the primate and Lorenzo, who had just reached the castle. Lorenzo had not learnt the situation of Aurélie, and on suddenly turning round, he beheld her lying, covered with blood. He saw no more: his head became dizzy, his pulse ceased to beat, and he fell into the arms of the gentleman in green. Aurélie was removed to her own apartment, and Agenor conveyed to a chamber adjoining the hall. Lorenzo was laid upon the bench upon which Aurélie had reclined, and the prince and the stranger in green vied in their efforts to restore him. In a short time, he awoke as if from a trance.

"Where is the lovely——"

"Hush, my son! this is not a proper place for extravagances.—Be pacified!" This was said by the prince in a low tone. "The lady Aurélie has received, I understand, some injury from a fall; and Agenor was wounded in rescuing her from a wild boar."

Lorenzo did not seem to comprehend the mean-

ing of this; but a large draught of spring water refreshed him, and he sprung up.

"Why was I not there to defend her?" shouted he. "Agenor understands the use of a pen far better than a boar-spear."

Franciscus at this moment entered.—"If you had been there, sir, you could not have done more, if so much, as my friend. He leaped as fearlessly as an eagle would take its spring, from the woodman's cave, and arrived on the banks of a rivulet at the critical moment when death appeared inevitable;—but the lady is capable of inspiring heavenly flights."

Lorenzo partly agreed with this remark, but at the same time seemed displeased that Agenor should have been so inspired. He walked to an open door which led to a flower garden: into this the windows of Aurélie's apartment opened; and at one he perceived the Count of Roussillon leaning on his hand, apparently watching some operation which appeared to be surgical, as another person was standing close to him. A page soon afterwards crossed the court, and relieved Lorenzo

from his suspense, by informing him that "the wound on the temple was very slight, but from having opened a small vein, had bled so profusely as to render further application of the lancet unnecessary; and his lady was about to retire to her sleeping chamber, as it was hoped a night's rest would completely restore her." Lorenzo, elated with the good news, walked towards the chamber of Agenor.

He was still insensible, but appeared more in a trance than in a fainting fit. The surgeon soon entered, and the vest having been cut off, the wound was, alas, too visible. The surgeon ordered a goblet of wine to be prepared for his patient, and begged at the same time one for himself. He drank it. "Count Rodolphe de Montleans," said he, "my nerves are a little shaken by attending on the young lady. Indeed, I am but a stranger in this noble family; and it is a prodigious effort to attend two such great personages on one day: permit me to have another goblet of that excellent wine." Having acted up to this permission, he went on: "While the young gentleman sleeps or

trances, it is better to proceed, because there may be some pain, and it is not every one that bears pain so well as the young lady:—for my own part, if I have but a pain in my tooth, I wince exceedingly. It is necessary, count Rodolphe, to cut away this jagged flesh, for the wounds of a boar's tusks are venomous,—that is, there is venom in the tusk, if I may be allowed the expression: when it happens to a peasant, we burn the wound afterwards, but that makes a brand, which must not appear on a nobleman's arm. Here is a knife, but my hand still trembles;—here is a styptic;—and here is a most healing article—I do not know its proper name—but it grows on an oak-tree which is decayed. If I had a third glass of wine, I think —(turning aside)—I should be able to cut up even the prince himself."

CHAP. XX.

DE LUNHEIM.

By the departure of Lorenzo, the prince was left with the gentleman in green. "You are, I understand," said his highness, "but lately arrived in this country?"

"True, sir."

"May I ask your name?"

"De Fritz. Who is the inquirer?"

"The Prince de Rougemont."

De Fritz nodded his head. "Father Hubert," continued the prince, "informed me that you are the Count de Lunheim."

"For once, he told you truth; but we had better walk towards the terrace; walls have ears."

As they passed the body-guard, the Count said—"I never saw five hundred finer fellows. It is a pity they are not in the service of the emperor;

they would soon be bled. Who has the happiness of commanding them?"

"Count Lorenzo de Lunheim is their captain."

"And why is he not now with them?"

"He was the person who lately left us."

"What! that handsome youth who fainted at the sight of blood? a pretty commander, truly!"

"I do not think he is deficient in courage; but perhaps he loves the lady Aurélie, and a lady's blood will sometimes ——"

"Poh! loves? stuff! Prince primate, I am a soldier, and have served as a statesman too—but never loved aught but war. These are times of peace: why do you travel with such an escort?"

"These, though peaceful, are treacherous times; and perhaps this force may be to arrest De Lunheim."

"You dare not do it."

"That we shall see, if it be necessary. With what object are you now in my territory?"

"As we are beyond eaves-droppers, prince, I will tell you. It is for your good. The emperor has learnt that intrigues are carrying on, by which

the king of France intends to assist in the transfer of Vienne to the count of Dauphiné, who in return is to aid him with his revenue in case a war is declared against the emperor. The king of France is now in correspondence with the Pope upon this subject."

"And why, Count de Lunheim, did you not come to my palace?"

"Having passed my word not to approach near to the place of residence of La Comtesse de Roussigné, I could not. The word of the poor Fredericksburg must be held sacred by the rich De Lunheim."

"True, but why was such mystery necessary?"

"Father Hubert is a mysterious character."

"True, true, I comprehend. Madame de Roussigné is much pleased at the insertion of her son's name in the patent of creation."

"I had some difficulty in obtaining that insertion. The emperor was not aware that I was married; but the proper certificate of the canon of Hermanstadt stated that Bertrand de Fredericksburg was united by him to Angelina de Sturmzein.

and that he, the canon, had subsequently christened a son, named Lorenzo. Dates in these days are not much attended to. (The prince here became evidently confused.) And now, prince primate, I have a strong inclination to ask a favor of you. I have a son by a woman of the name of Cardinez; he is a fine soldierly fellow, and old enough to carve his fortune with his sword, as his father did before him;—but his French-blood is unfavorable to his entering the emperor's service; and I would like to see him placed under Lorenzo, in that fine corps which we have just passed. I will be answerable for his fidelity with my life."

"Most willingly granted."

The primate was now summoned; and De Lunheim or De Fritz walked with him to the castle in friendly conversation.

CHAP. XXI.

THE GASCON.

THE Count de Roussillon had commanded that a table should be laid with six covers in the state saloon. Six pages, in their habits of ceremony, were in waiting at the entrance of the great hall. The major-domo, splendidly dressed, with the arms of the family, in gold relief, suspended as a badge by a broad yellow ribbon round the neck, appeared, attended by the carver and butler, and four gentlemen ushers, with gilt rods, surmounted with the crest of Roussillon, (a stag's head and full antlers,) to inform his highness of the preparations; apologizing, at the same time, for the haste with which they had been arranged. The major-domo concluded by requesting his highness to name his own party.

"Of course," said the prince, "my two friends of Roussillon and Montleans will be present."

"The Count, my master," returned the major-domo, "is in attendance on the Lady Aurélie, who now sleeps; but he begs your highness to accept the Count de Montleans as his substitute."

The prince turned to his companion:—"Count,—(a nod of disapprobation,)—Mons. de Fritz will, I hope, give his company? (a nod of assent.) Reginald, with our captain Lorenzo, will complete our party; and would that its gaiety had not been destroyed by the unfortunate events of the day! But we should be grateful to Providence that the dear children of our friends live."

Reginald now entered from the chamber of Agenor.

"Good news, I trust," inquired his highness, "of my brave young friend?"

"He has borne the operation necessary to save his arm from amputation," replied Reginald, "with exemplary patience; indeed, so far as it is possible to judge from appearances, without a sensation of pain. He refused, however, to drink the wine which the leech recommended, until the business was at an end. I feared that he might require

such a cordial, to prevent a return of fainting; and I also dreaded that the prescriber might himself take the prescription, and thus make the three bumpers he had already drunk four, in order to keep matters even."

The primate bowed to the surrounding guests, and the party passed on. The Gascon determined on keeping the ground he had gained near the select few; but two gentlemen ushers moved in between, and closed the great doors. The Gascon related to Hawkwood the insult he had received:—"By the memory of Charlemagne," exclaimed he, "I will cut the ears off the head of that insolent master of the revels, the first time that I meet his body on the high road."

"You had better, then, catch him asleep," replied Hawkwood; "and as for gaining your present object, a step-ladder would now be indispensable, in order to get at them. Come, there are places reserved here for us. The leech is just arrived in his best clothes, and the chaplain is saying grace."

"The more the merrier, they say," rejoined the disappointed guest, in a tone of surly good-humour,

" and the fewer the better cheer: it is so long past my usual hour, that I am famished—absolutely dying of hunger."

" And thirst too, I dare say," retorted Hawkwood: " get near the leech; he drinks fairly."

" Perhaps he drinks too fairly," replied Le Bavard, " and will take my share as well as his own."

The benediction was much longer than that in use at Montleans, where Father Hubert always gave a sort of hunting grace. While the Gascon had been trying to talk himself into a rage, the guests had seated themselves; but he slipped into a vacant space at the upper table. A door was now slowly opened, and Father Hubert cautiously advanced his head, to make a surveillance: being satisfied that all was right, he took his seat next to his brother chaplain, with a " benedicite." The two reverends, however, were as different in character and appearance as their lords. The priest of Roussillon was a holy, he of Montleans a carnal man.

The guests of the hall, like true lovers of the chase, enjoyed themselves in unrestrained glee; particularly blessing their host for sending the sick

people to bed, and providing another apartment for their prince. Some sovereigns, folks say, have been pleasant jovial people. We have read of King Claudius, of Denmark, being guilty of a practice "more honored in the breach than the observance;" and of King Duncan, of Scotland, being "wrapt in measureless content;" which some people think a genteel way of insinuating that he was dead-drunk. John Sans-Terre, also, when prince regent, was given to conviviality:—but, generally speaking, company without kings is at least quite as gay as with them; the one may be more dignified, but the other is more entertaining. In the former case, you must stay their time, and not your own. In France they may choose to sit one hour, and in England six. Tiberius, they say, sat two days and nights, and swallowed draughts which modern throats would reject; rewarding his companions with office, because they were not slaves to hours. It is not every body, however, who could, or would drink ten or twelve quarts of wine to please even an emperor; but Flaccus and Piso had good stomachs.

Before the day was over, the Gascon found that with Father Hubert or the leech he had no chance of rivalry; and at last, quite defeated, fell into a sound sleep.

CHAP. XXII.

THE KNIGHT OF ST. MAURICE.

WHILE the rioters in the hall were clattering plates and goblets, and wagging tongues, Count Rodolphe was endeavouring to recover his usual spirits, and do the honors of the entertainment with cordiality. On a sudden, he said, "Where is my son's friend, Franciscus? he must be fatigued with his exertions."

The prince apologized for not recollecting his presence in the castle. "Lorenzo," said he, "search for Franciscus, and resign your place to him."

"There is no need for that, prince," said Ro-

dolphe. "My worthy friend, the Count de Roussillon, will not, for the present, appear: Franciscus can occupy his vacant seat; and he, I am sure, will soon wish to return to the couch of his friend."

"Yes," said Reginald, "Franciscus loves Apollo more than Bacchus. You will find him, sir, a youth of good manners and address; somewhat melancholy, it is true; but that adds to the interest of his character."

Franciscus appeared, and was politely received by the primate. On the entrance of the Count de Roussillon, the young man wished to retire, but this was not permitted.

"You must remain," said the noble host, "until I pledge my company with honest, safe, and hearty welcome."

Having tasted the cup, it was passed round: then turning to Franciscus, the Count requested to be informed of the particulars of the accident, of which he had been an eye-witness; and Franciscus described them minutely.

"Heavenly powers guard us!" said the Count: "it was an awful scene."

A page announced to Reginald that his attendant wished to enter: Hawkwood appeared, bearing on the point of his master's boar-spear the head of the monster. "By St. George!" exclaimed Rodolphe, "it is the king of the wood, fierce even in death." Reginald presented it to the Count de Roussillon, who said, "Take away the horrible beast."

"Give it me then, brother Count," resumed Rodolphe: "by St. George and the Dragon, he shall have a principal place in the hall of Montleans: I will fill his veins with spirits of wine, and cere them up, and back him with metal. He shall have in gold letters around him, REGINALD DE VAVASOUR. Now, Count de Roussillon, I will give the health of the gallant Frenchman who saved our son and daughter; for such, gentlemen, I hope, Agenor and Aurélie are destined to become."

Lorenzo turned pale; Mons. de Fritz shook his head; the stern brow of the prince brought Lorenzo to his senses.

"I ask you, my friends and counsellors," said the primate, "how we shall reward so valorous an

action, performed in this our territory of Vienne: for it is not the mere act of slaying a wounded boar; no, that is but the performance of an experienced chasseur: this youth, at the imminent peril of his life, leaped over a gulf, which none but an English horse would venture to face, and which we now christen 'Reginald's Leap.'"

The old Count said, "My daughter is betrothed: would that our brother would bestow his child's hand on the gallant youth, and so unite the preserver and the preserved in the bonds of family affection."

"Nothing would be more gratifying to me," replied Count Rodolphe, "than to please you, and show my regard for Reginald; and I would pledge my word, if ———"

"Let me finish the sentence for you, sir Count," said Reginald, hastily starting up; "if you knew my birth and parentage."

"Be neither so hasty, nor so rude, young man," returned Rodolphe; "I am not too old either to measure a sword or a lance; but I forgive your rashness. My *if* had not so unworthy a significa-

tion; but having, on the death of my wife, intrusted the sole management of my daughter to a near relative of her mother, I cannot give a positive promise to bestow the hand of Matilde without the consent of the Baroness D'Arnheim."

"I request your pardon, Count Rodolphe," said De Vavasour; "I thank you for your kindness; but I must add that, however highly I should prize the hand of your daughter, as a connecting link between Agenor and myself, yet glory is my mistress, and I look to war as the way to win her."

"Reginald," said the primate, "permit me then to open the path which I fervently hope may lead you to that mistress you seek. I entered on the same road, with the same buoyant spirits as yourself:—no more of that! Give me a sword." The Count de Montleans presented his.

"No, Count Rodolphe," pursued his highness; "yours is one of mimic war; it is of the chase; and I foresee that Reginald will be engaged in serious strife. Lorenzo, *your* sword was my gift, and has been drawn in Palestine: hand it to me. Rise, Sir

Reginald de Vavasour, Knight of St. Maurice, and upon your banner wear a young lion springing upon a boar. There is the cross (removing a splendid one from his own neck,) with which you shall soon be publicly adorned; and at that time you shall also receive a pair of spurs, worn by the Emperor Frederick I. You have saved the lives of two persons I value most highly, for their own sake, as well as for the sake of their parents, my friends —"

"And vassals," interrupted Count de Roussillon.

"No, allies."

Reginald, with becoming grace and spirit, returned thanks; and the health of the new knight was pledged in a bumper of champagne as bright and sparkling as his own eyes.

"Count Rodolphe, you have not honored our order by becoming a member," said the prince.

"I was not aware of your highness's wishes on the subject," replied Rodolphe, endeavouring to avoid a direct reply.

"We shall soon hold a chapter, and you shall,

if you please, take precedence in our rolls over this new-made knight, who I hope will one day be your son."

"As soon as Agenor's safety is ascertained," rejoined Rodolphe, "I will attend you at your palace, and receive your orders."

"Lorenzo shall then be our third knight; for the rules are, that either one knight or three must be added to our order. I suppose the origin of odd numbers to have been for the purpose of denoting that the initiated were unmarried."

When the prince rose from table, he requested Reginald to attend him, and commanded his horses. "Will you, my knight," said he, "visit me, alone, to-morrow? say nothing on the subject here."

With the pomp of a warlike prince, the primate left the hospitable mansion.

CHAP. XXIII.

A CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION.

On pretence of inquiring whether any letters had arrived, Reginald took leave of his host at an early hour. Agenor was still asleep, having passed a tranquil night.

A messenger had arrived with a letter from the confidential secretary of the king, containing directions for Reginald to press the immediate departure of the Count de Montleans for Avignon. Our hero determined to keep his appointment with the primate, and then to obey the orders of the king.

On arriving at the palace, he found the primate walking rapidly up and down the corridor, evidently much discomposed. "I am happy you are come, Sir Reginald," exclaimed he: "I understand that you are to leave us directly."

"I trust I know both my duty and the rules of

politeness better than to depart abruptly," replied Reginald. "Who so informed your highness?"

"The governor Calderos sent me word that a courier passed through with despatches from king Charles for you; and 'Ride, Ride,' on the cover."

"It is true, sire, I am honored with a letter, which relates only to the Count de Montleans."

"I remarked, Sir Reginald," said the primate, after a long pause, "when you replied to Count Rodolphe, that you spoke with a fire peculiar to a noble but passionate soul. You then particularly reminded me of one to whom you bear a striking resemblance: he was my first friend, and his misfortunes caused me great sorrow. If you could, without injury to your own feelings, make me acquainted with such particulars relative to yourself as may be properly communicated, I would in return admit you to my confidence. From the first moment that I saw you, I felt an unaccountable interest in your appearance; and, subsequently, the likeness to my departed friend has struck me forcibly."

"I will briefly relate, sire," replied Reginald,

" all that I know. I have heard that my father met with a tragical end. Some say he was assassinated, others that he fell in single combat. My mother, I have heard, died in prison, of a broken heart. I was placed under the care of Princess Isabel, and went with her to England. On the return of Queen Isabel to the court of France, I contrived to study manly and martial exercises. King Charles encouraged me in various studies, and frequently bestowed his praise for my exertions. His highness has now been pleased to employ me on an errand to the Count de Montleans. You know, sire, the rest of my short history."

" Have you no means, my son, of ascertaining your birth ?"

" Before the departure of Queen Isabel, she said, ' If any arrangements, in your absence from me, make it absolutely necessary that the particulars of your birth should be confided to a trustworthy person, send this signet (which the youth produced) to the Count Robert d'Artois.' "

The prince having examined it, exclaimed, " It is as I thought: that signet was always worn by

my friend, the ill-fated—but at present I must say no more. To the world it matters not who once wore that brilliant jewel. He was noble, brave, and unfortunate; he was also, I fear, guilty. But we must not judge, lest we be judged:" then, embracing Reginald, he added, "you are the son of my friend."

The prince then inquired whether he held any military rank, and was answered in the negative.

"Be not dejected," said his highness. "Let me open your career, which I trust will be a glorious one. The governorship of Fort de la Batie is vacant: if I appoint you to it, you will rank here next to Don Calderos. You will have the exclusive command of one thousand select men, high pay, and the permission to appoint a sub-governor. It is a situation which has always been filled by a person who is not a native of Vienne, but who must be a knight of St. Maurice."

"In accepting your gracious kindness, permit me, sire," replied Reginald, "to ask the favor of having Lorenzo for my deputy."

" I thank you for the kind thought, in his name and my own. Poor Lorenzo! I did indulge hopes of a double union; but even if the Rosebud of Vienne be doomed to wither on its stalk, I must not impede the family compact of the houses of Roussillon and Montleans. Still I think that Rosalie has made some impression upon Agenor, while I am certain Lorenzo is deeply enamoured of Aurélie."

" It appears to me, sire, that the advantage which the young Rosebud gained may have been lost: your fair protégée caught the eye of a college youth; but circumstances have placed the Lady Aurélie's fate under the influence of Agenor's star; and the person who could love merely because the object was pretty, might also love where the object was grateful as well as beautiful."

" It is very true, Sir Reginald; my affection led me to hope too much. I have been so accustomed to Rosalie's innocent and captivating ways, that I reasoned as if Agenor were equally conversant with them; whereas he saw only her features,

and knew not her mind. I am talking, however, too much on selfish topics."

"I am arguing with myself," said Reginald, "as to probabilities. If Agenor is constant, and Aurélie attached to Lorenzo, all parties may be happy."

"Would that Heaven permitted so much bliss!" exclaimed the primate. "In that case, your union with the wealthy heiress would complete our joy."

"I trust, prince," rejoined the young soldier, "that you think me superior to considering the lady as a desirable object only because she is rich. I must make myself worthy of being the husband of the Countess Matilde, by attaining, if possible, that rank in life which would entitle me to claim her hand. It is also necessary for our mutual happiness that Matilde herself should be deserving of Sir Reginald de Vavasour—not as he now is, a poor unknown, but such as he hopes to be when demanding the hand of a princess of Hainault."

The prince soon renewed the conversation

which had been commenced at the Maison de Roussigné. "I have promised," said he, "to intrust to you a secret, which it rests with you to communicate in part or otherwise to your friend Agenor. If a person truly loves, it matters little whether such circumstances as I am about to detail exist or not; but where a desirable match is pointed out on the one hand, and a blushing innocent girl, with good education and good fortune, appears on the other, under some difficulties of connexion;—every circumstance ought to be made known before love takes a firm hold of the heart. I scarcely know how to commence. About twenty years ago, a young man in the service of the king of Hungary was benighted in a forest, while travelling for amusement. He was the son of a person of distinction, and had left his home at an early age in search of glory, he being the youngest of three brothers. He was accompanied by one servant.

"A bell tolling the hour announced that there was a habitation near them, which proved to be a

castle belonging to a German baron. The family was assembled, and consisted of two elderly persons, a young girl, and a middle-aged maiden, of stiff behaviour.

"The meal prepared was neither elegant nor very substantial, but it was highly acceptable, and the reception warm, though the manner was somewhat coarse. The father was an ignorant, drunken, passionate old man; the mother a hospitable, but quarrelsome old woman. The daughter was so surprisingly handsome, that it appeared almost beyond belief that she should be connected with such a pair: indeed, the apparent age of both seemed to make it incredible that Angelina could be the child of the baron and baroness Sturmzein.

"It however soon appeared that, on the one hand, deep draughts of brandy had produced more effect than time; while, on the other, habitual scolding had germinated the wrinkles. The baron had a large estate, of very little value; but his forests were full of game, and the wood cost him nothing which furnished his kitchen. He had vineyards

also, which supplied the general use of his table; while some rich low grounds produced the other necessaries of life.

"The baron was no longer able to take a part in the chase, but he loved to talk of it, and to partake of its produce: he therefore pressed the stranger to remain, ordered his dogs and chasseurs to be in readiness, and at an early hour the sports began.

"In the course of the sport, the officer became acquainted with Baron Fredericksburg, who then wore a large patch on his face, to cover a severe wound which he had lately received. After the chase, the baron was well received by the owner of the castle.

"The eyes of the host and hostess glistened at seeing the game. Two or three wild boars, about an equal number of stags, with hares, rabbits, pheasants, and other game, had loaded the horses to such a degree, as scarcely to leave them strength sufficient to return. The Baron Sturmzein determined that the party should 'eat him out of house and home,' as he called it; and the officer

and Fredericksburg were equally satisfied with his proposal. The flagons were filled with old Rhenish, and the two barons did ample justice to the produce of the grape.

"When they had finished several of these replenished vessels, Fredericksburg addressed the host thus:—

"'I am not rich, brother baron; but I would give a hundred broad pieces of gold, to be the lord and master of such a prize as your daughter.'

"'By St. Hubert, our protector,' exclaimed Sturmzein, 'you shall have her at the money.'

"'To-morrow, then,' rejoined the other, 'I will leave this place, and not return without it; until which period, you are bound, as a trust-worthy noble, to consider me as your son.'

"The repast of which I speak was concluded soon after sun-set; and by accident the Hungarian officer met the beautiful Angelina in the avenue. He found her as amiable in mind as she was superior in person. She had been under the care of a relation who was abbess of Hermanstadt, and had only lately returned to her father's house.

She spoke with affection of her aunt, and expressed a strong desire to return to the seclusion in which she had been educated. Feeling a lively interest in her fate, the Hungarian, with the ardor of youth, related the events of the evening. Angelina exclaimed, ' Heavenly powers ! am I so destined ?' and fell back senseless into his arms.

" He kissed her pallid cheek ; he comforted and restored the damsel. Some days passed away, and the Hungarian still lingered on, occupied in the mornings with the chase, and in the early part of the evening with the baron, who drank himself, —while the baroness talked herself,—to sleep.

" The Hungarian had discovered that the primness of the other dame was but a cover for her passion, which, like the baron's, was strong. While the host and hostess therefore slept, he furnished the dragon with its apple, and was thus left to converse freely with the lovely girl. They were both very young and very foolish. They became desperately enamoured of each other ; and in a short space pledged faith, in presence of the dame and the attendant of the Hungarian.

The officer, having promised publicly to solemnise their marriage, was received as a husband. We will not now talk of mere happiness: hours and days rolled rapturously away.

"At length, the officer was summoned, by the peremptory order of the prince his father, to attend him at the court of the emperor of Germany. He took an affectionate but necessarily hasty leave of his beloved, and, having made rich presents to his host and hostess, set forward on his journey. To be brief, on arriving at ——, he was commanded to take the vow of a knight of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, which would prevent his marrying. He was informed that his two brothers had been carried off by a malignant fever which raged in the south of France, and that the immediate honors of the family would descend to him: he had to learn, also, that his family had once been rich in private fortune, but that now its numerous dependents embarrassed the means of the chief, and that he himself was marked for spiritual power; in short, he was destined to be, at a future day, archbishop of Vienne. The officer was placed in

arrest, so to remain until his decision. He considered it more fair and manly to speak the whole truth; but, instead of manifesting pity, his father seemed only more determined. The last words were, 'Either the oath, or this castle!'

"On leaving the prisoner, the prince departed for the residence of Baron Sturmzein, followed by the attendant of his son, determined to watch his movements. On his arrival, the prince was made acquainted with the bargain entered into between the two barons; but Sturmzein added: 'By the memory of St. Hubert, our great hunter, he cannot find the money.'

"'Can you find the man?' inquired the prince.

"'O readily, readily,' replied Sturmzein; 'he is my neighbour; but he is a man of honor, and will not come until he can pay.'

"The prince deposited the money for him, as he said, by way of loan, and ordered him to be summoned. The son's attendant, whose name was Hubert, determined to way-lay and quarrel with the baron.

"They met and fought. Hubert received a deep

wound on the forehead, which caused him to remember the sword, as the subsequent Herculean grasp gave him proof of the strength of the man who compelled him to beg his life. On the arrival of Fredericksburg at the castle, he was privately accosted by the prince, who offered him a large sum of money if he would marry Angelina. The baron acknowledged that, having drunk too many bumpers of brandy, he had entered into an engagement which he had not been able to fulfil; and that, in his sober senses, he found he had neither any wish for a wife, or sufficient money to support her.

"'The first difficulty,' rejoined the prince, 'may surely be removed; and as to the means of supporting your wife, they shall not fall upon you: but, baron, before we proceed further in the bargain, I will speak plainly why I am interested in the present treaty. My only son, whom I have destined to celibacy, has so far gone against my wishes as to betroth himself to this fair lady, and has been received by her as though the nuptial ceremony had taken place. Now you know the

worst, but not the best; besides an immediate sum of money, I will procure for you employment in the emperor's army.'

"'You speak fair, sir prince, and I am ready to adhere to my bargain, notwithstanding there is a flaw which was not looked for. To be free with your highness, a man who has some rank, and no provision for it, cannot be over-scrupulous in matters of delicacy. But I must speak to the lady.'

"Baron Fredericksburg found her bathed in tears: in a blunt, but kind manner, he told her the offers that had been made to him, and added, 'Madame, I am a soldier of fortune, but I could not be guilty of cruelty. You have made an unfortunate choice, and accepting my hand will save your character from the sneers of a hard-judging world; if you consent, you will make my fortune, and not injure your own.'

"She begged until the following day to consider. After having passed a night of bitter anguish, Angelina again saw the baron, and consented under the following provisions:—first, that he was not to consider her as his wife, nor expect the

rights of a husband: secondly, that he was to leave the castle immediately after the ceremony: thirdly, that sufficient provision for her support was to be made by the prince: and, lastly, that the baron was never to approach the residence of the baroness without her permission. These articles were sworn to, in the presence of the prince, the dame companion, and the wounded Hubert.

"Previously to the performance of the ceremony, the prince begged an audience of the intended bride, and spoke thus:—'Be of good heart, lady! you are about to perform a duty to your parents, who otherwise must have known circumstances with which it is far better they should never be acquainted. Had my son remained in the character and station which he held when he made your acquaintance, I would have received you as my daughter. As it is, pride and ambition have demanded a severe sacrifice; and before I knew what his wishes were, I had made a firm resolution how to act. My son told me all he has to expect; and if he becomes a father, his child shall be mine. I know that there exists in France a rich relation

of your mother's family, who has no heir. I will see the countess of Roussigné, and endeavour to obtain the disposition of her property in your favor. I know my son will deplore your loss, and, from the constancy of his nature, will never cease to love you: I consider your dark attire as a compliment to him; and beg of you to accept this ornament. Should you have a son, give it to him on the day he receives the order of knighthood. Bid him to be true, loyal, and obedient.——Now, madame, compose yourself for the awful, but, alas, necessary ceremony.'

"When the words were pronounced which gave to Fredericksburg the name of husband, Angelina fainted away, and was attended to her apartment by the maidenly dame and the prince. She passed the night in a succession of fainting fits;—but, as the morning broke, became more calm, and fell at last into a sound sleep. The prince kissed her forehead, and departed.

"The two barons had passed a merry night. The old wine had done honor to the feast, and the jovial pair had done honor to the wine. In conclu-

sion. baron Fredericksburg attended the usual summons with as much sang-froid as if he were a single instead of a married man.

" In a few months Lorenzo was born. On the return of the prince, he made his son acquainted with the occurrence that had taken place at Sturmzein; and in despair the oath was taken, and the new knight departed for the Holy Land.

" On his return to Germany, he could not refrain from visiting Angelina, trusting now to be enabled to meet her with the composure of friendship. He found her even improved in beauty. The old baron had died from the effects of hard drinking, and the baroness was almost constantly confined to her apartment. The young knight and Angelina still considered themselves as man and wife, and were, if possible, more in love than ever. The little Lorenzo was their constant companion. From the illness of the baroness, no visitors broke in upon their happiness.

" Before the expiration of a year Rosalie was born. Soon after the recovery of Angelina from her confinement, Hubert arrived with the informa-

tion of the sudden and severe illness of the prince. On reaching Paris, the knight learned that his father still lived. The prince tenderly inquired after Angelina, stated his success with the countess de Roussigné, and that she had made a will in favor of Angelina; and, in case of her death, in favor of any daughter she might have. He then concluded by saying, 'The time is come, when you must take holy orders; for you will soon receive the nomination I promised you. As primate, you will consider yourself more in the light of a temporal than spiritual prince.'

"The prince soon after paid the debt of nature, and his son succeeded to a large but deeply encumbered property. He was made archbishop, as his father had foretold; the baroness de Sturmzein was released from her long and painful illness; and the countess de Roussigné died. The present countess inherited her estate, and the king of France granted her the title, fixing it as part of the inheritance. The countess purchased and rebuilt the house she now inhabits, and occupied herself with the education of her daughter.

"Having now, my friend, made confession to you, (for you will not be slow in perceiving that I am myself the hero of my tale,) I must beg of you to leave me to the reflections which such a confession cannot fail to produce."

The prince appeared deeply affected by the conference, and his young friend departed in silence, leaving him to solitude and thought. It is not for us to pry into the feelings of a generous heart, whose hopes of happiness, without the alloy which a troubled conscience brings, had been annihilated:—suffice it to say, the prince did acutely feel how happy he might have been, and how unhappy he was.

Reginald quitted the palace with a gloomy brow. He was naturally anxious to develop the mystery of his own birth, and was uncertain as to what he ought and what he ought not to reveal to Agenor. In order to bring his mind to a proper frame for converse, he took a circuitous route to the mansion of Madame de Roussigné.

CHAP. XXIV.

THE EVENING PARADE.

Lorenzo was seated between the countess and his sister, and they were in deep discourse when Reginald entered.

"I have news of some consequence for you, Lorenzo," said he: "I have been honored with the appointment of governor of Fort de la Batie, and have named you as my deputy."

"Good news, by Mars, the god of war!" replied Lorenzo, "or by St. Maurice, as I ought now to swear, being named as a candidate for the order; my election, however, depending on Count Rodolphe's humour. At all events, I shall have, in your absence, a fine employment: the late commanders were men of military experience, and had drilled their legion on the true Roman principles. They can form the solid square, or expand their lines, as easily as I can make my Germans stand

steady or file off. Certes, the prince's body-guard will not easily be made to retreat, or indeed advance. They are, as Cæsar would say, 'heavy-armed asses, fit to bear burthens.'"

"In the presence of ladies, Count Lorenzo," observed Reginald, "it is better to avoid military details."

"Sir Reginald de Vavasour," answered the captain, "you are my commanding officer. It is almost the hour for evening parade: you shall see your legion, governor."

The signal, well known to the ladies as being the constant cause of impatience with their dear Lorenzo, now struck on the ear of Reginald; and they all walked to a terrace which overlooked the garden, and commanded a view of the Campus Martius. First came the body-guard, with their silver trumpets, and formed on the centre of the ground; then came the legion of La Batie, which took its situation on the left; and then the legion of Pipet, which moved in front of the line, and took its ground on the right. Reginald remarked

how superior, in movement and appearance, the left was to the right.

"Esprit de corps already!" remarked Lorenzo: "and now, as the old Don is not present, and your appointment is not notified, I am commander: so come with me, and I will make the guard defile before you: there is the new guard now forming in the advance."

Lorenzo was speedily on horseback, and in his place in the centre. His trumpeter gave three distinct blasts, the officer of the guard waved his sword, the men fell into open column, and, at the word of command, marched close by the spot where Reginald was stationed, without saluting him. As they arrived on the outskirts of the field, the advanced troops filed off to their appointed places of guard, and Lorenzo gave the order for the remainder to pass in review. As he rode by Reginald, the captain dropped the point of his sword, and Reginald uncovered his head.

At this moment the governor arrived, and seemed highly disconcerted at the sight before him. All

the officers and sub-officers had followed their leader's example; consequently the young knight remained cap in hand. The governor left the ground in a passion, and turned his horse's head towards the palace, where he waited in expectation of an audience.

Reginald quitted the ground in a gallop, and the captain dismissed the troops. As they were retiring, Lorenzo met the governor, in a furious rage at being disappointed in his wish to complain to the prince, who was in close audience with the Count de Montleans.

Don Calderos demanded, in a haughty tone, of Lorenzo, how he dared pay a stranger such honors?

"That stranger," answered the captain, "for his gallant conduct in the forest of Roussillon, has obtained the honor of knighthood from the hands of the prince primate; and has since received an appointment from his highness, which entitles him to military honors." Lorenzo then galloped off, leaving the governor in a temper far from mild.

As Lorenzo hastened towards his home, he met Count Rodolphe, and begged permission to pre-

sent him to his mother. It was an invitation so agreeable to the gay Count, that he accepted it forthwith, and was received in a manner so friendly, so polite, and so hospitable, that it is no wonder he was charmed with his newly-made acquaintances. From his youth upward the Count had admired beauty in every shape, and had never much considered in what particular modification it was preferable. He was therefore undecided which to admire most, the daughter or the mother, and, in his indecision, determined to be in love with both.

Reginald had, by his velocity of movement, heightened spirits already exhilarated; and while he mounted the steep which led towards Roussillon, he called to mind how rapid had been the change in his condition;—how short a time had passed since he entered, as a prisoner, that town, of one of the chief fortresses of which he was now, on leaving it, the governor. He was too young to moralize, but his heart was as warm as his spirit was courageous; and he felt both gratitude and attachment to the friend of his ill-fated father.

CHAP. XXV.

THE CONSENT.

We will return to the Maison de Roussigné, where the Count was playing the gay courtier. He was of a cheerful nature, and, as we have already said, of an amatory constitution. In passing through Vienne, he knew where to turn his eyes; and did not waste his time in looking at any thing but pretty faces. Until this day, however, the Count had not known where to look for the two persons most worthy of observation.

The ladies, indeed, appeared like sisters, and an experienced eye was almost certain to fix on the superior charms of the elder. The Rosebud was a very pretty, interesting girl, without any knowledge of human life beyond the certainty of existence and contentment. Angelina had at times a pensive air; but being naturally of a happy and tranquil disposition, the shadows were too light to

obscure the serene air of her beautiful countenance and transparent complexion: her form was full, her limbs round, and her movements graceful. While the beauty of Angelina surprised and conquered, the sweetness of Rosalie pleased and captivated. Throwing off the restraint which she had felt in the presence of a youth so near to her own age, Rosalie treated the Count as the father of Agenor, while the Count's feelings towards her were any thing but paternal.

At first Rodolphe determined to be desperately in love with Angelina; but the tranquil and dignified manner in which she received his compliments, as if she considered them only as a proper homage to her acknowledged (although by herself unregarded) charms, and the friendly, open manner in which she silenced any rapturous declaration,—determined Rodolphe to amuse himself with Rosalie, whom he considered merely as a jolie petite bagatelle.

The Countess knew that the anxious wish of the prince was to see the Count enrolled among his knights, and therefore led the conversation

to that point. In Rodolphe's communication with the prince, they had been so occupied in discussing affairs relative to Reginald, that they had not touched upon those of knighthood: Rodolphe therefore declared that he had not come to any determination. The Countess expressed a wish that he should accept the offer; and Rosalie said, with animation, "Yes, dear good Count, do consent, for then our beloved Lorenzo will receive the same honor, and I know he is absolutely dying to be a knight."

"I cannot say, fair Rosalie," returned De Montleans, "that either Lorenzo or I can boast of any particular recent action worthy of the honor; and it certainly would be a greater distinction for Reginald, were it bestowed upon him singly. But, if you will call me a dear good Count again, I will swear you are a sweet girl, and will do it, even if the king of France discard me from his friendship, for my compliance. That is consent, is it not, Rosalie?"

"Yes, and you are a good Count."

"Ay, but now I have consented, I am no longer *dear*."

Lorenzo hastened to inform the prince, and the Countess begged his presence. While Lorenzo was absent, Angelina thanked Rodolphe for his kindness to them.

"I shall now have the power," said she, "of bestowing on my son a gift which was intrusted to me at the most awful moment of my life;—and I am anxious to comply with the intent of the departed donor. The consigning that gift to my dear son, will remove from my view a relic, only serving to remind me of the cruelty of my fate."

"And now," playfully exclaimed Rosalie, "I *will* call you a *dear* good Count, for pleasing those I love better than myself."

Rodolphe kissed her hand with rather more warmth than paternal feelings inspire; and the blushing girl threw herself into the arms of her mother: she felt that she could not look up. The Count de Montleans had appeared so unlike what she had pictured to herself, as the father of Agenor;

he had shown such animation, and his eyes had so sparkled,—that she did not know what to say or what to do. The Count felt the awkwardness of the situation in which he had placed an innocent open-hearted damsel: he implored her pardon, and even knelt to obtain it:—this increased her confusion; and before he could rise, the primate entered.

"Remain on your knee, Rodolphe of Montleans," exclaimed he, "until you rise a knight of St. Maurice."

The ceremony was soon performed, and the prince, decorating the Count with a brilliant cross, embraced him: he then knighted Lorenzo, and saluted him with great affection. In the course of the evening, Count Rodolphe, having become partly acquainted with the family secrets of the mansion, decided that Rosalie was worthy of his affection, and whispered to the prince what his feelings were.

The primate grasped his hand, as much as to say, "I thank you."

When Rodolphe had taken leave, the prince communicated to Angelina what the whisper was.

"It is true," continued he, "there is a great disparity in years, but I call the Count still a young man: he was quite a youth when he married. It is not years that make age: I have seen young cavaliers so debilitated by excesses, as to appear above double their age, and wear bald heads on their bent shoulders at five-and-twenty. A marriage with so powerful a nobleman, and so brave a warrior, will serve your family and strengthen my power;—but I must disclose to the Count —"

Angelina blushed.—"The Count," said she, "is no doubt a man of honor and a gallant chevalier: you may trust our story with him. Your communication," she added, smiling, "gives me pleasure; for, at one time, I almost thought it was the mother, and not the daughter, whom the Count wished to marry."

Rodolphe hastened to Roussillon with all the eagerness of youth, to tell his son he must look sharply to it, or he would be married before him. As he rode along, he argued with himself upon the folly of his new attachment.

"Why should I, who can command all the

beauty of the country, bind myself to one only?—Because her innocence charms me, and I cannot gratify my liking except by submission to the ceremonies enjoined in a civilized state. But, Rodolphe, will your intended wife adopt your ways, and make you more happy by being interested in that happiness?—Yes; because she is so young, that she has never known what it is to have a will of her own; and when I am tired of Montleans, I can set off for Navarre, and leave her to the domestic pleasures of Roussillon!"

As the future bridegroom was thus arguing with himself upon the prospect before him, Rosalie commenced a catechism of her own feelings. She did not know what the passion of love was; but she felt the happiness of her home, and knew that, if she became the property of another, she must no longer consider the Maison de Roussigné as such. Yet, if her mother willed it, she herself had but one wish, which was obedience to that dear parent.

The Countess reasoned with herself on the chances of happiness likely to result from such an alliance. Certainly, she would have preferred

Agenor as the suitor of her daughter; but if he could not feel her charms, and Rodolphe could, why should she decline an offer that was so highly desirable, because there was one in the world still more to be desired? The prince considered a union with Rodolphe more advantageous than with Agenor, and his wishes were to her laws.

While these parties were thinking of marriage, Reginald was occupied with ambition. It was not of that accursed sort which instigates man to be a villain, but that noble excitement of the mind which leads him on to heroism. His father had been of noble character, but was pronounced guilty by the prince. Guilty of what?—Could his guilt attach to his son? —Could he not rise above fortune?—Could he not make a name for himself, and, allied to the family of Agenor, be the head of a race which, in a few passing generations, might vie with the proudest names of antiquity?

"Already," exclaimed he, "am I favored by fortune. The kindness of royalty has bestowed education; the chances of life, or the favor of Providence, has made me the protector of two

amiable beings; the friend of my father has rewarded me with military honors; and I can now tread the banquet-hall, or gorgeous palace, with an air becoming a knight."

CHAP. XXVI.

THE COLLAR.

In a small chamber of the château, Sir Reginald found Agenor reclining on a couch. A sound sleep, of long continuance, had restored him to good looks and good spirits. Aurélie was seated near him, and the Count de Roussillon, with Franciscus, were also present. They were surprised at the more than common freshness of color, and buoyant air, with which De Vavasour entered.

"At all events," said Aurélie, "no one can suspect our champion of having arisen from the couch of sickness: he looks more like a conqueror returning from a tourney."

"Or like Apollo, when he had destroyed the serpent Python," said Franciscus.

"I think," continued the lady, smilingly, "he looks as if he came to claim at the hands of an adored, princely, and of course, most beautiful damsel, the garland of victory: but where are your banner and scarf, sir knight?"

"It was but yester-evening that I had a title to the former, and I have yet to receive the latter."

"You have gained a title to both bravely, and shall receive both at my hands," rejoined Aurélie. "Franciscus has related to me how much I am your debtor; and my father feels, that by Count Agenor and yourself, he has been saved from a childless old age."

"Yes, Reginald," exclaimed the Count, "to you I owe the existence of all the comfort that is left to me."

"In this world, my lord Count," said the chaplain, who had just entered.

"True, father; I stand corrected."

"But, to be less grave and more warmly grate-

ful," resumed Aurélie, "here, sir knight, by the permission of my father, I present you with this enamelled collar. It once belonged to a Moorish emperor, and was bequeathed to my mother by a relative, of high military fame; that mother would, if now living, bestow it upon you with a better grace than I can flatter myself I possess, but she could not give it with a freer will."

The young knight knelt, and Aurélie affixed on either shoulder the valuable gift. Her hand trembled, as well from maidenly modesty as from the weakness of unstrung nerves.

"Your appearance, sir Reginald," continued she, "would not disgrace an assembly of Charlemagne; but why do you conceal the cross of your order?"

Reginald speedily released it from its confinement, saying: "I have not publicly received the badge, and therefore am not entitled publicly to display it;—but a lady's wish ——"

"Yes, sir Reginald," interrupted Aurélie, "I admire ornaments,—chains and crosses particularly; and this gift of the prince is positively beautiful.

The martial figure seems one mass of brilliants, but so delicately relieved, as to show each point armorial; and the cross, so adorned with precious stones, and so richly wrought, bestows additional effect. It is positively beautiful; and I am determined to have a small one made from such a model."

"Then allow me, lady, to procure one, in humble return for the valuable decoration you have bestowed."

"Sir Reginald," said Agenor, "I have still my thanks to offer; and when my father returns, he is to bring with him a chain from which is suspended a beautiful Madonna. It was also a mother's gift, and shall belong to my friend, to whom I never can be sufficiently grateful for the preservation of Lady Aurélie."

"It was the chance of war, Agenor; and no fault can be attached to you, no glory to me. Your brittle spear threw you on the enemy; but your sword, even wounded as you were, would have been sufficient, without the aid of mine:—do not you fatigue yourself with talking; and if I

proceed, you will imagine that it is Le Bayard, instead of Le Jeune Lion, who speaks. Come, dear Franciscus, repeat some of those fine passages with which your memory is stored."

Franciscus willingly complied.

Chi è questa che vien che ogni uom la mira!
Che fa tremar di caritate l'Are?
E mena seco Amor, si che parlare
Null' uom ne puore; ma ciascun sospira.

Ahi Dio! che sembra quando gli occhi gira!
Dicalo Amor, ch' io nol saprei contare;
Co' tanto d' umiltà donna mi pare
Che ciascun' altra inver di lei chiam' ira.

Non si porria contar la sua piacenza:
Che a lei s' inchina ogni gentil virtute,
E la beltate per sua Dea la mostra.*

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* Is this a goddess whom all men admire?—
Who lights in Zephyr's breast Love's glowing fire?
Who comes with captive Cupids in her train?
Men in her presence from all speech refrain.

Heavens, what a sight those brilliant orbs display!
Let Love describe it; man dares not essay.—
In her we see all gentleness combined;
Compared with her, all others seem unkind.

Who can describe her loveliness and grace?
Each noble virtue we around her place,
And beauty shows its model in her face.

"Sir Reginald," said the Count, "we will now leave, for a short space of time, our youthful charges to the care of lady Aurélie's page; for I think, holy father, it must be the hour of evening service."

He then led the way to the chapel, where the household were assembled. The service was performed in a devout manner by the chaplain, and the chants of the choristers pleased Reginald, who was a true lover of harmony.

At the conclusion, the knight's thoughts returned to more homely subjects, and he watched the movements of the usher of the household: to his delight, Reginald saw him take a different direction from that which he expected; and they entered the grand hall, which was brilliantly decorated, and where preparations had been made expressly for our young knight.

We have noticed too often, in our short progress, the repasts and comforts of the table; but in those days, so little time was given to the improvement of the mind, while so much was devoted to exercise, and so much to festivity, that it is difficult to avoid repetition.

The Count de Roussillon and his chaplain retired at an early hour; but Reginald retained Franciscus, and compelled him unwillingly to listen to Le Bavard, who, as usual, had encountered, in the course of the day's practice with the dogs, innumerable dangers. "Guess, sir," said he, "my horrible situation with that fellow Hobson, who always swears in English, and screams in French; neither of which do these dogs seem to understand. For my part, I speak to them in a sort of Spanish Latin."

"*Dog* Latin, I suppose you mean," said the green man.

CHAP. XXVII.

THE CONFESSION.

WHILE the party in the hall were thus occupied, let us return to the small saloon.

"That is a noble youth," said Agenor; "with what a princely air he moves! Would that my father had destined me for the profession of arms! I might then have accompanied my friend in his passage through life."

"I hear," replied Aurélie, "that the prince has foretold his will be a stormy pilgrimage. I am truly happy, Count Agenor, your father has not so destined you. We have here few acquaintances, and still fewer persons whom we would wish to see as friends;—but I suppose you desire to wear such a splendid cross as that given by the prince!"

"And such a magnificent collar as was presented by so beautiful a hand."

"Which hand do you mean?" said the lively girl. "One is well enough, but pray do not compliment it. The other is, as you know, bruised and torn, and pains me; so do not let us talk—if possible, not *think*—of it."

"It is the very thought of that pain," replied her fellow-sufferer, "which makes me think of the fair owner, who, but for Reginald, would probably have been now numbered with the dead."

"Say, who, but for Agenor, *must* have been."

The page, during this conversation, had removed to a deep low window.

Agenor took some fruit of exquisite flavour, and, while apparently absorbed in its perfume, said, "Does not the lady Aurélie feel more than gratitude for the gallant chevalier who saved her?"

"Count Agenor, you are not my confessor: I know all that I owe to sir Reginald; but there are others, perhaps, who may claim a share in the expression of gratitude to him."

"None can have an equal right with Aurélie and Agenor, except it be their parents, to be

grateful—to Providence in the first instance, and to Reginald, its instrument, in the second."

"Perhaps there may be one more.—What think you of the countess Rosalie?—is she not an interesting girl?"

Agenor blushed deeply, but turned round on the instant, and added,—"And has a brother, the handsome Lorenzo."

"I *will* allow," returned Aurélie, "Lorenzo has fine features, and I consider him as an amiable, honest, daring soldier: he was my first acquaintance; and having no other female to converse with, he gave me much of his time. My attendants have, it is true, told me how much he admired me; but I have no faith in such reports. Lorenzo is better adapted to the duties of war than marriage; and I will candidly say, that, since the accident which has given me a few hours' thought, I would prefer such a person as Franciscus, melancholy as he is, for a companion through life, to the gay, ardent, animated Lorenzo. But his sister comes into our court under different circumstances. She is called 'the Rosebud of Vienne,'—an interesting

appellation;—she lives secluded from the world; she has had the advantage of her mother's instruction:—(a pause:) she is, I hear, a lovely, amiable girl, and will be a rich heiress. She must marry into a distinguished house:—What think you, Count Agenor?"

"I know not what to think. I saw the youthful countess but for a moment, as I may say, and thought of nothing else for a whole night:—but then, if excuse were necessary, she was the first daughter of Eve that met my eyes after studying at Bologna, and refreshing my weary limbs at Montleans, where spears, swords, and boars' heads are the principal features. It is no wonder therefore that the Maison de Roussigné had charms, and I am not ashamed that I felt them: but it was only a transient admiration: for the instant in which I beheld the fine form of the Lady Aurélie——"

"Weltering in blood,—a picturesque, interesting sight, but not beautiful. If, Count Agenor, you had seen any thing worth looking at on the meeting ground, you would not have absconded

with your romantic friend, and consequently would have been ready, at your father's call, to have stood forward as the protector of a willing protégée. You are, however, severely punished for your want of gallantry."

"I am deservedly punished; but I had no intimation of the honor intended me, and was thinking—"

"Of Rosalie."

"Well, I think of her no more. If I could utter such forcible, yet tender expressions, as burst from my friend Franciscus, I would endeavour to prove that all my thoughts are now concentered in Aurélie."

"Count Agenor, I will be candid with you. You are of my own age; and my father has made me acquainted with a secret, which your accident alone prevented you from hearing at the mouth of Count Rodolphe. I know what are their sentiments, and what passed in the presence of the prince. My father's directions, to which I have always been obedient, were to listen patiently to you. I now leave you. I have obeyed his will, and I may add, without reluctance."

Agenor, unaccustomed to affairs of the heart, and equally unacquainted with feminine feelings as on this occasion it appeared he was with paternal projects, could not determine whether Aurélie had treated him as a person professing attachment, or as a wounded youth whom it was thought proper to indulge. At one moment he thought there had been something tender in her manner; and at another, he feared that he had offended the person whom he felt most anxious to please. In short, at one moment hope, like a butterfly sporting in the sun, danced before him; while at the next, clouds overshadowed the bright side of the prospect, and hope, like the winged emblem, disappeared.

Franciscus arrived to assist him to his sleeping apartment; and, fatigued from the exertions of the day, Agenor was soon under the dominion of that power which usually banishes the recollection of the past. Prospects of the future in general occupy our sleeping thoughts, and prove to us that our imagination is then more powerful than our memory.

As the family of De Roussillon retired at an early hour, Reginald determined on leaving the supper-hall, to sally forth, and enjoy the cool tranquillity of the moon-light scene. His thoughts wandered to England; and he fancied his early protectress encountering the perils of war, escaping with difficulty from the field of battle, and finally confined in a dungeon preparatory to trial for rebellion against her king. His nature was adverse to civil war, and his kind heart was deeply afflicted at the events which led to the adoption of such a measure. In the midst of his reflections, he was challenged by the voice of a horseman, "Who goes there?"

"A friend to the house of Roussillon."

"And to that of Montleans?"

"And to that of Montleans, Count Rodolphe."

The Count dismounted; and ordering his servant to lead forward his horse, returned with Reginald. On their way, the principal topic of converse was the approaching ceremony of installation, for which the utmost preparations were making to have it performed in a style of splendor.

"The prince," said Montleans, "has sent expresses to all knights residing within such a distance as can allow of their attendance. The workmen are employed in the cathedral; armourers and tailors vie with each other to see whether the hammer or the needle shall prevail; cooks and confectioners are in busiest mood: in short, such a scene as is now promised has not been witnessed in Vienne since the days of the kings of Burgundy. Now, Reginald, I will tell you a secret; I have lost my heart."

"That part which remained, I suppose, sir Count."

"Guess to whom."

"Angelina de Roussigné."

"No. I was almost caught there; she is a noble beauty:—but it is to the little, playful, interesting, blushing, lively, smiling, innocent Rosalie."

"And how long think you, Count, this sudden fancy will last?"

"Certes until marriage, and possibly after."

Reginald thought it would ill become him, in

the character of a person wishing to be received as a son, to animadvert on the absurdity of expecting happiness from a sentiment so hastily admitted, and likely to be of so short duration. By an alliance with the Count, the power of the primate would be strengthened: he was now an appointed officer under the primate, and it was therefore his duty, as well as his inclination, to forward the wishes of his highness.

CHAP. XXVIII.

ARRIVALS.

The Count de Lunheim had presented his son to the primate, and the youth was immediately enrolled among the officers of the body-guard, under the name of Hermann Cardinez de Fredericksburg. When Lorenzo saw the name on the rolls, he was struck with its conclusion, and felt an immediate inclination to know whether he was connected with any of his own kin; but the for-

bidding aspect of the young whiskered German (for he passed as such) made him cautious: he however took a note in his tablets, of his name, day of entry, age, height, marks, and character of physiognomy, with a N. B.—"Introduced by M. de Fritz."

The green man and Hermann were now lodged within the palace; and, under their joint superintendence, with the aid of Count Rodolphe, the preparations for the festival were carried on.

Under pretence of constant attendance, but in truth to be near an object which every day became more fascinating, Rodolphe had accepted the prince's offer of a suite of apartments; and Reginald, who wished to learn the points of duty attached to his new situation, was also established in the archiepiscopal residence.

The time passed pleasantly, varied as it was with the amusements of the chase, the exercise of the troops, the preparations, and the domestic pleasures of the party generally assembled in the evenings at the mansion. Thus Agenor was left entirely to the enjoyment of that happiness which

arises from a tête-à-tête between two young, artless, inexperienced persons of different sexes.

Franciscus was wrapt in his studies. He mentally listened to Demosthenes, or argued with Cicero; he applauded Cato, or reviled Sylla. In brief, he thought more of the ancients than of the moderns; and left present sublunary bliss to the contemplation of love-stricken youth. In Franciscus's presence Aurélie did not play the coquette, so Agenor had no cause for jealousy; and if she asked for a song or canzonette, the compliance with her wishes did not in any way produce a disturbance of the evening's harmony.

The old Count was generally occupied in discourse with the reverend chaplain, or in perusing religious works, to prepare his mind for the separation of soul from body,—an event which he felt was speedily approaching, but which he hoped would be retarded until the hand of his daughter was bestowed by him, at the altar, upon the son of his well-tried and much-esteemed friend.

To do M. de Fritz justice, he laboured incessantly at the works. He was habited like a com-

mon overseer, was always on the ground before the workmen arrived, took his meals when they did, left the work after inspecting what had been done, and then retired to rest. He seemed but to live for his occupation: at last he announced the termination of his labors, and the day was fixed for the ceremony.

The knights who had obeyed the summons, were lodged in the monastery of St. Peter, and in the buildings attached to the church of St. Stephen. Sir Reginald had, with the assistance of Chapennes, Hawkwood, and some of the most experienced of the chasseurs, flogged the dogs into good training. The bowmen and cross-bowmen were all in excellent practice; and honest drunken Hobson had won the prize two days following, by hitting the real bull's eye, and thus killing animals destined to be roasted whole for the populace.

The chasseurs and followers had received supplies of rich habiliments; the horses were in good training; and the moon, having favorably commenced her new quarter, promised fine weather.

The governor was informed that two pursui-

vants had reached the town, announcing the approach of two officers travelling with proper escorts and attendants: the one was from the King of France, the other from the Emperor of Germany.

It happened that these messengers arrived together at the palace, and both were anxious to take precedence. The governor of the household was much perplexed to keep harmony between them; and at length had recourse to the practice usually successful, i. e. providing good cheer, including a *moderate* portion of wine, over which they soon forgot the rivalry of their masters.

At the time of their arrival, the prince was at the Maison de Roussigné; and, in addition to the family, Count Rodolphe and Reginald were present.

The page Adolphe delivered a scroll, on which the secretary in attendance had written; "One pursuivant from the court of France;—an officer on the road, with despatches for the Marquis of Montserrent;—another from the emperor, with letters for the Count de Lunheim."

Lorenzo read this aloud.

"Who is the Marquis of Montserrent?" exclaimed Count Rodolphe.

"Where is my father?" cried Lorenzo.

The prince first spoke: "I suppose, Lorenzo, you will be astonished to hear that you have been in company with the Count de Lunheim. Madame was aware of his being resident in the Viennois, and probably communicated the secret to your sister, whom she treats with that full confidence of friendship, which a similarity of sex and constant intercourse create. The Count was sent here for a special purpose which it was necessary to keep secret, and he was not at liberty to disclose his real name without the permission of the emperor, his master. By accident I became acquainted with the secret, and naturally mentioned it to the Countess. It is evident that the restriction is no longer desired; and, with your leave, fair ladies, I will retire to receive any communications the messengers may have to deliver." On departing, he desired Lorenzo to remain.

Count Rodolphe had been so constant a visitor

that Madame considered him as one of the family, and of the family secrets she knew he had been fully informed.

"We must consider you as a brother," said Angelina, "and this youth as a son, for he is the chosen friend of my Lorenzo. The prince stated that I was acquainted with the arrival of the Count de Lunheim, but his highness did not tell you that such arrival gave me more pain than pleasure. We were married under such circumstances, that a meeting would not be desirable for either party; but as De Lunheim is a nobleman, and a man of honor, as well as the accredited envoy of the Emperor of Germany, it behoves me to invite him to this residence. We shall meet as friends, but that is all we can ever be."

The Countess became agitated, her voice faltered, and she was evidently distressed. Her son and daughter endeavoured to give consolation; but, though struggling with her feelings, she was for a while unable to conquer them.

In a short time, however, the Countess was apparently restored to her accustomed and dignified

composure. The page Adolphe now summoned Sir Reginald and Count Lorenzo to the presence, and the Count Rodolphe was left to his own thoughts, or to amuse or condole with the ladies.

Without doubt the Count found the maison extremely pleasant, with Lorenzo as master of the ceremonies. The dinners were dressed by the most skilful of cooks; the wines were of the choicest flavour; the fruits delicious; the prince cheerful, polite, and well informed upon military as well as sporting matters. Madame was a divinity, and her daughter an angel.

Into such society he had no wish for the entrance of any spirit of discord, which he thought the Count de Lunheim might prove. "However," said he to himself, "we are at present happy, and this dreaded Count may not choose to come upon such an invitation: if he be a man of honor, he will not come; and if he is a savage, he shall not stay."

"What may your thoughts be, Count?" inquired Rosalie.

" Call me once more dear Count, and I will tell you."

" I am not curious : I beg pardon," replied the damsel.

" My love," said her mother, " I am not curious either ; but there was an action of brow and of upper lip which makes me anxious for information : come, do as our friend the Count desires."

" Well then, (turning away her head,) dear Count !"

He gallantly kissed her hand, and answered :— " Well then, honestly, I thought of our happiness in this domestic circle ; I thought also that the Count de Lunheim would not add to it ; and, moreover, I thought that if he interrupted it, he should not long be an intruder."

The ladies smiled. " Mons. de Lunheim," said the Countess, " must be greatly altered, if he either adds to, or interferes with, our society. Mars and Bacchus are the deities to whom he devotes himself, and he never uses a word that can be spared. You will not find him an entertaining companion ;

but if you, Count Rodolphe, choose to play the speaker, be assured he will listen, if there be wine within his reach."

The Count congratulated Angelina upon the cheerful tone she had recovered, and they continued to talk of the Count de Lunheim.

CHAP. XXIX.

NEW DIGNITIES.

Considerable bustle prevailed around the palace. The officers with their escorts were arrived. Guards were stationed, and troops were formed in double lines, in order, as Don Calderos always said, to display an imposing front.

The prince was already in the council chamber, and thither Reginald and Lorenzo went. The latter took the command of the chosen band who lined the hall and guarded the entrances: his place was in front of the throne; and Hermann stood on the opposite side of the principal door.

On the right of the throne was the governor of Pipet; and Sir Reginald was summoned to the left.

"There is your post," said his highness, "in right of your newly-acquired rank of governor of La Batie."

If a thunderbolt had fallen at the feet of Calderos, he would not have been so astonished; nay, the bursting forth of a volcano from the ground on which he stood could not have caused such alarm. He looked as if he did not believe his ears; but he had not time to speak, for the officers were ushered in. They marched together, and presented their credentials at the same moment. That of the French officer was received by Don Calderos, who read aloud, "for the Marquis of Montserrent." Reginald at the same moment said, "for the Count de Lunheim."

"We know the Count," said the primate, "and therefore will first treat of his business. We desire his presence."

The Count was introduced by the pages in waiting. Lorenzo did not recollect the green man in

the personage who passed him, dressed in the full uniform of commander of the emperor's guard, and who marched as if he were conscious that he had earned the honors which his sovereign had bestowed. Reginald regretted that his own person was not ornamented with some of the rich presents he had received; but the wish vanished with the recollection that he had not also received the wounds by which such envied distinctions were usually gained.

"Count de Lunheim," said the prince, "we were informed that messengers had arrived at our palace, announcing envoys from the courts of France and Germany, upon matters of public business. We therefore solicited your presence, and now offer for your inspection the packet from the Emperor Louis, protector of the territory of Vienne."

The packet was received, and opened with great gravity. Its contents might have been Hebrew, Arabic, or Greek, and equally intelligible to the worthy soldier. The Count, however, saw, by the size of the character and by the few words which were made to cover a great portion of vellum, that the despatch was of a public nature,—one of form;

and as such, might be read by the prince himself, or by any deputy who either would or could take the trouble.

Thus it ran:—

"To our worthy Cousin, Counsellor, and Captain of our Guard, Bertrand, Count of Lunheim, Baron of Fredericksburg, formerly one of the Ancient Order of Knights Templars, Knight of St. Lodovic, &c. &c. &c.—You are hereby commanded to invest with this our Order of St. Lodovic, his Highness the Prince of Rougemont, Primate of all the Primacies of Gaul, Knight of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem and St. Maurice, &c. &c. &c.: this do in our name.

"Signed, LOUIS DE BAVIERE,

"Imperator et Rex."

"And now, Governor Don Calderos," pursued his highness, "for the letter from his majesty of France, unto whom we are a dutiful vassal. But we know not the Marquis of Montserrent."

"If it please your highness," said the officer who bore the dispatch, "my instructions are, being my-

self an unworthy knight, to bestow the honor of knighthood upon the new-named marquis. Perhaps the letter may give your highness some information."

"We will read it," said the prince.

"My loved young friend,

"By the messenger sent some four days past, you have heard of the graciousness of our beloved monarch, who has, at my solicitation, and his majesty's own knowledge, created you Marquis of Montserrent, and granted to you certain large estates, in lieu of sums deposited for your use in the treasury of France. Now, I am commanded to inform you, that Sir Eugene de Montron will make you, by the king's orders, a knight of St. Charles; and his majesty commands me to give you the proper instructions for bestowing the same honor on his trusty and well-beloved servant, Rodolphe, Count de Montleans and Auxberrois.

"Signed, ROBERT D'ARTOIS."

Here followed the instructions addressed to "Sir Reginald de Vavasour, now Marquis of Montserrent."

The prince embraced the new-made Marquis, who received from De Montron the honor of knighthood, and the decoration of St. Charles.

The Count Rodolphe now entered, inwardly wondering at the scene before him. He could scarcely credit the rapid change that had taken place in the appearance of the prince, who, instead of the affable private gentleman, had become the dignified and distant sovereign: much less could he believe that his old guest, the green man, was the identical person who filled the chair as an ambassador from Louis. But Rodolphe was of the "nil admirari" character, and would not let others read his thoughts.

As he marched slowly towards the throne, the Chevalier de Montron took his hand, and led him to Reginald, to whom he, at the same time, presented the decoration to be bestowed; and in the name of Charles of France, the Count was made a member of his order. In a private audience, Rodolphe became acquainted with his old guest, under his new name. "Count Rodolphe," said De Lunheim, "I am not a man of many words: I thank you for

your courtesy at your castle: it is a pretty one for a sportsman, but not suited to a warrior. On one side, you are tolerably secure; and if you employ those lazy fellows, who on the days you do not hunt do nothing but eat and drink, in superintending a corps of pioneers, you might form a glacis on the other three sides, and render access almost impossible."

"We have, of late years, Count de Lunheim, lived so peaceably together," replied Rodolphe, "that fortifications have not been deemed necessary."

"All that is true," said the other: "but matters may change. I know what I know—but a soldier must not tell what he knows."

CHAP. XXX.

THE INSTALLATION.

On the morning of St. Martin's day, the bells of the abbeys and churches of Vienne announced the commencement of a festival, which the primate considered might probably be the last ever celebrated by him in that city.

As the setting sun of an autumnal day shows, by its radiance, that it defies the approach of winter, and almost says,—"You may conquer here; but there are climes where you cannot control my power; and, in leaving you, I will leave the recollection of my splendor;"—so the prince determined, should the threatening storm burst upon his devoted head, and remove him to another and a better world,—that his subjects might say, his last display of power was worthy the primate of all the primacies of Gaul, and temporal sovereign of the Viennois.

After the performance of early church service, which was as simply executed as it was religiously intended, (there are services even of the church for show,) the country people gathered into vast crowds, to pursue their favorite sports. Not a soldier was to be seen. The wine-houses were all closed. At mid-day the bells sounded merrily, and the assembled multitudes were divided and moved off, under proper inspectors, to the places provided for their refreshment. Each had a full allowance, according to age and sex; but drunkenness was prohibited; and they joyfully returned to their sports, of which dancing seemed to be that in most general request. Thus the time gaily passed until the hour of the second meal arrived, which was as well regulated as the former.

When darkness wrapped all in gloom, the people were escorted, under the same regulations, to the places allotted to them.

The body of the cathedral of St. Maurice was reserved for the fair sex, who were conveniently accommodated. The aisles were filled with monks

of different orders, so arranged as to echo the responses with effect. Here and there a solitary lamp prevented positive darkness, but nothing was clearly distinguishable.

The tower bells tolled the hour; and the last sound had scarcely died away, when, contemporaneously with a flourish of trumpets, cymbals, drums, and clarions, the whole church displayed one blaze of light. Reginald, with the two other knights elect, occupied a seat prepared for their reception; and to our hero, the scene appeared one of enchantment. Beneath, was one mass of various colored dresses, so closely wedged together as to appear like mosaic. Behind the altar, were raised benches covered with scarlet cloth, divided by columns canopied and hung round with cloth of the same color, adorned with gold fringes, cord, and tassels: in one of these compartments was seated the Roussillon, and in another the Roussigné family, each attended by the proper officers of their household. On either side of the altar, the dignitaries were arranged, in their full

dresses of black and gold; to whom the young attendants, with their plain white surplices, formed a striking contrast.

Around the old Roman columns which supported the roof of the cathedral were entwined lamps, which threw a variegated light on the grotesque heads that had been originally destined for the temples of Heathen gods. At another signal, the great curtains were withdrawn which had divided that part of the cathedral extending from the right of the altar towards the habitations of the monks, and which was now arranged for the installation. Here was placed the throne, elevated on a flight of steps, and supported by two chairs of state; the one ornamented with the arms of France, the other with those of Bavaria. On either side, stalls had been erected for the knights, with their banners suspended over them.

From Reginald's seat, as well as from those where the ladies were placed, these arrangements had a splendid appearance; for the walls were covered with scarlet cloth, having the arms of each knight attached in embroidery; and above,

there was a full drapery of purple, with gold ornaments and appendages. In the centre stood the statue of St. Maurice, removed from the prince's palace, and surrounded by tripods of gold burning perfumed oils.

All the preparations being made, the knights left an apartment fitted up for their special use, and entered a covered way which led to the great stairs of the cathedral. The passage was lined with soldiers, and the people were arranged around, so as to view, without interrupting, the procession.

On the platform in front of the church, the most respectable male inhabitants were stationed; and the knights moved on amidst the shouts of applause which burst from the delighted spectators. It was the first public installation; and assuredly the tranquillity as well as the darkness of the evening contributed to the grandeur of the scene. Another signal gave fresh vigor to the musicians; and, amidst the cheers and "vivas" of the populace, the procession entered the cathedral. Without fatiguing the reader with accounts of heralds, pursuivants, pages, and other parts of the ceremonial,

suffice it to say, that Reginald, having taken his place in the procession, advanced first, in a suit of golden armour, given him by the prince. He wore his cross of St. Charles suspended by a green ribbon: his supporters were, Hawkwood bearing his banner, and Monsieur de Chapennes his shield. Rodolphe followed, attired in a suit of plain armour, attended by two of his household; and lastly came Lorenzo, clad in polished steel.

The contrast between the three new knights was well marked: the air of the first was dignified, of the second daring, and of the third gay. Torch-bearers preceded and followed the knights, so that all the spectators might know who were their elected defenders.

As they passed the high altar, each made a respectful obeisance: that of Reginald was to the station itself, that of Rodolphe to Rosalie, that of Lorenzo to Aurélie. Agenor declared that the latter changed color, and certainly Rosalie blushed. The Countess seemed to glory in the son she now presented to the world, and even the presence

of the dreaded Count did not make Angelina tremble.

It was not fear nor hatred, but dislike, that caused the dread of a personal rencontre. In one of the chairs placed on either side of the throne, the Count de Lunheim was seated. When Reginald had received his spurs, two knights attached to his shoulders the purple mantle of the order, together with the collar and cross: he was then led to his seat as the representative of France. The former ceremony was observed towards the other knights.

The prince then received the order of St. Lodovic from the Count de Lunheim; prayers were said, hymns sung, mass celebrated, and the procession returned, the junior knights in front saluting the ladies as they passed. The whole body quitted the cathedral by the great entrance; and the procession was closed by abbots, friars, and other ecclesiastics.

When the primate, attended by the two envoys, appeared, the bells of the cathedral were rendered

inaudible by the shouts of "Viva;" and his highness was escorted by a crowd of his happy subjects to the gates of his palace. The whole population then dispersed in various directions without accident or quarrel.

"Reginald," said the prince, "come here;" and he closed his private door as he spoke. "There is a storm hovering round us. You are now my sworn knight: you are also, from this hour, my confidential friend. Impress strongly on Count Rodolphe's mind the advice given by the German. With a little exertion, Montleans may be rendered sufficiently strong to be held against a superior force: thither, if it be necessary, Angelina and her daughter shall be removed: Rodolphe will protect them; and also, with his chasseurs, check an advance upon Roussillon. That point must be defended by physical force: it would occupy too much time to fortify that château. Our people of Vienne must be closely watched. We have done well in securing Count Rodolphe: Rosalie's eyes have been more serviceable than either the learning or the rhetoric of all our canons. We must

appear gay, but we must be secure. Throw aside these gorgeous trappings, and seek Hermann. Send him with fifty chosen men to make a circuit of the city, and bring his report to you. Send a confidential officer to the castle of Montleans; and let him, under some pretence or other, see that the Castellan keep good watch. We shall meet at the banquet."

In the prince's closet, Reginald released himself from his splendid dress, and, aided by the primate, who drew forth a soldier's equipment, he left the palace, bearing the prince's signet.

In the confusion of the moment, it was difficult to find Hermann, but the difficulty was at last overcome; and the young officer was sent with a sufficient number of men to increase the force at the different posts. Hermann was highly pleased at having been selected for duty, and determined to deserve the approbation of his prince and commander.

"This is good fortune," said the youth, "and I will not be the fool to kick the ball from my feet."

CHAP. XXXI.

THE BANQUET.

THE Count de Roussillon and his daughter were conducted to a saloon, fitted up after the fashion introduced into France by Jeanne Countess of Poitiers, famous for her beauty, wealth, and taste.

In this apartment was a bust in alto-relievo, encircled with a gilt wreath of oak-leaves, laurel, and roses entwined. Aurélie remarked the resemblance between the bust and her knight elect. "Dear father, do regard Sir Reginald when he comes, and I am sure even you must acknowledge that there is a striking resemblance. If I mistake not, he will come in his best looks and apparel, for Count Agenor tells me he has received a fresh supply from Paris."

"Of looks, or clothes?" said her father.

" O, certainly not looks: our mountain air can best furnish that blessing."

The major-domo announced the Countess de Roussigné and Rosalie de Lunheim.

When the presentation and customary compliments were over, the Count entered into conversation on the subject of the day, and the two younger ladies soon formed acquaintance. The primate had not yet appeared. Aurélie sounded her way, as to any attachment that might have existed between Rosalie and her own lover; and found, with great delight, that a thought of him had never entered her head. " I saw him but once," said Rosalie, " and never exchanged a word with him: in fact, when my mother is present, I cannot imagine any one will look at, or think of, such an insignificant person as myself. I always fancy Count Rodolphe is making game of me."

" Madame de Roussigné is, indeed, a beauty: does she pride herself upon her charms?"

" Far from it; she considers beauty as a gift from heaven, and as such only thinks it ought to

be prized. She says it gains the admiration of old and young, and therefore should be esteemed; but she also says, it is too often a fatal gift, and consequently ought to be feared."

"It is, indeed, frequently the cause of great evil and wretchedness. I wish, nevertheless, that I had an equal share with your lovely mother."

"Lady Aurélie, without flattery, you need not be envious: look at the reflection of your fine form, and say where, in the antique, will you find an outline more correct?—Lorenzo would swear that you are ten times handsomer than my mother; and yet, I assure you, he highly admires her beauty."

"Still she is his mother, my dear Rosalie."

Count Agenor and Franciscus now presented themselves, and soon afterwards the Chevalier de Montron.

The primate was announced with proper ceremony, and his highness entered with the Count de Lunheim. As the name of the latter caught the ear of Madame, she turned round, but could not recognize, in the person before her, any traces of

the Baron de Fredericksburg. When the Marquis of Montserrent appeared, Aurélie's insinuations proved correct.

The Count Robert D'Artois had sent him a superb suit, such as the royal princes, who were knights of St. Charles, wore in the presence of ladies at solemn festivals.

The tunic, or under garment, was cloth of gold, studded with brilliants; the girdle which encircled his lightly-formed waist was covered with jewels, and the large clasp which centered it was of emeralds and pearls. His falling collar was embroidered in gold and small pearls; and his robe, which was folded across his breast, after the manner of Grecian drapery, was of dark green velvet, richly embroidered in gold and precious stones. The Moorish collar was attached to the points of the shoulders; the rich chain and medallion hung around his neck; and the crosses and badges of the orders of St. Maurice and St. Charles were suspended from their appropriate ribbons. The hilt of his sword, the gift of the primate, was richly wrought

and jewelled;—and his dark-green bonnet, coronoted with jewels, and adorned with a towering plume of ostrich feathers, made the general display worthy of the court of France, even in the days of the chivalric Francis.

The ladies declined the prince's request to honor the banquet with their presence, but consented to appear in the private gallery. Counts Rodolphe and Lorenzo were appointed to be their escorts.

As the Countess de Roussigné passed the prince, she made her courtesy, and then extended her hand to the Count de Lunheim, who respectfully kissed it. It would have been impossible for the company to have imagined that this was their first meeting.

Lorenzo was determined that the ladies should be seen as well as see, and accordingly arranged the party for those especial purposes: Agenor took his seat between the younger ladies; and his father had a fair opportunity of joking and laughing with his play-thing, as he always called the pretty Rosalie.

Lorenzo was apparently in attendance upon his mother, but in reality gazing at, though not approaching, the object of his admiration. Upon this subject he had received the prince's commands, and he struggled hard with the feelings of his heart, in order to obey them: he knew Agenor was ignorant of the force of those feelings; indeed, he was not very well acquainted with them himself; so he remained contented with simple envy at his rival's better fortune.

The Count de Roussillon began a discourse with Madame, on the healthy appearance of the Count de Lunheim.

"I never saw a soldier bear his years, his services, and his wounds, so well. But, to correct myself as to years, he cannot be old: I must still call him a young man. When I was travelling in Germany, (I think it must have been about twenty years ago,) the Baron de Fredericksburg then had a bloated face, and wore a large black patch."

The Countess could not speak. Lorenzo stood in mute amazement. "Is it possible," thought he,

" that my lovely mother would sacrifice herself to such a man as he describes?"

The trumpet called their attention to the pageant below. To describe the banquet as splendid, would be to use idle words; for all that wealth, and taste formed on the model of the antique, could produce to decorate the chivalric board, was there arranged. The primate marched more like a conqueror than a priest, and was supported by the marquis and count, as the representatives of sovereigns. The benediction was pronounced, and the musicians again filled the hall with their invigorating notes. During this interval, a table was placed, as if by magic, in the gallery, covered with every costly delicacy, and laden with vases filled with flowers, and golden basins filled with perfumed waters. Golden branches, with wax candles, (a great and newly-discovered luxury,) illuminated the closet.

Lorenzo gave a signal: the curtains of the gallery were withdrawn; and the well-arranged groupe met the delighted eyes of the prince.

The Counts Rodolphe and Lorenzo were now requested to retire, and they, in due obedience, moved to their places at the prince's table.

It is unnecessary to relate the proceedings of this splendid entertainment: suffice it to say, that, by the advice of the Count de Roussillon, the ladies retired, and afterwards were conducted to the mansion of the Countess, through the primate's gardens, which were brilliantly illuminated: musicians, secreted in bowers, played as they passed the same soft airs which had been given at the feast, so that it seemed the echo of one sweet delightful tune.

Observing the departure of the ladies, the primate bade a kind farewell to all, desiring the Count de Lunheim to take the chair of precedence.

"I beg you to recollect, sir Count," said he, "that you represent a great sovereign, as well as an humble prince; be therefore largely liberal. But, before my departure, allow me to give you another title to the friendship of our guests. We

name thee, Bertrand de Lunheim, a knight of St Maurice."

Amid loud plaudits the primate retired, accompanied by Count Rodolphe and Lorenzo. Hearing that the ladies were at the maison de Roussigné, the latter was sent forward to ask permission to join the family circle.

CHAP. XXXII.

THE WAGER.

As they slowly followed, the prince inquired of De Montleans whether the fair daughter of de Roussigné had lost any of her attractions, by being seen in the presence of the beautiful Aurélie.

"No;—nor by being seen in the presence of her father. He is what they would call, in Germany, a most reputable man, whom no lady need be ashamed of owning for a husband."

"The appearance of the Count de Lunheim,"

replied the primate, " is that of a soldier conscious of having served his prince and his friend with integrity. My father was his friend, and placed him in the road to promotion. The Count has kept his word like a man of honor. But, Count Rodolphe, he has never, until this day, seen the Countess de Roussigné since the marriage ceremony was performed. It was no marriage;—it was an arrangement;—it was a contract of family convenience;—it was any thing but a marriage."

The prince seemed overcome by his recollections. Rodolphe smiled. " Well, well," said the latter, " if he is not the liege husband of our beauteous lady, nor the lawful father of our pretty Rosebud,—in the eyes of the world he is nominally so. Now to us soldiers, so she has a father, it becomes us not to ask whether her father and mother are one flesh."

" Hush!" exclaimed his highness; " we may be overheard."

Their arrival was an agreeable addition to the party assembled at the maison.

"I suppose the Count de Lunheim still remembers the pursuits of the Baron de Fredericksburg," said Angelina, with an assumed hauteur; then added, in a suppressed tone, "You are very, very kind in not bringing him. How did you contrive it?"

The prince replied aloud: "It is the custom of northern courts, and indeed it is also used in our neighbouring provinces, to carouse unto a late hour at any public festival. I may think it, individually, a custom better neglected than observed; but my thoughts, or wishes, would be of no avail. Since the conclusion of our church ceremonials, the wine-houses have been opened; and I feel assured, that, if Count Rodolphe took a promenade round the town, he would not meet one of our worthy subjects, male or female, capable of answering a single question."

"I would not venture to contradict your highness," said Lorenzo; "but, if Count Rodolphe will support your opinion, I will wager my favorite horse against one of his noble steeds, that I pro-

duce, in an hour, a person found in the streets capable of replying."

"I accept the wager," said Rodolphe.

Lorenzo wrapped himself in his military cloak, and, covering his head with a plain beaver cap, sallied forth.

During Lorenzo's absence, Count Rodolphe persuaded the ladies to appear at the chase arranged for the following day. Aurélie and her father were naturally reluctant; but the entreaties of Agenor, and the assurances of Rodolphe that every thing had been arranged to prevent accident, overruled their objection, and Rosalie was in high delight at the expected amusement.

Rosalie had never witnessed scenes of gaiety. She now calculated, as young ladies generally do, that in novelty there must be pleasure. Woods and waterfalls, velvet turf, hounds, horses, and horsemen, all crowded on her imagination, and for the moment expelled that enemy to feminine enjoyment, fear: then, on a sudden, seeing that the arm of Agenor was still suspended by a sling, she

recollected that there were two sides of the picture, and hoped for a view only of the best.

"The Countess de Roussigné," said the primate, "does not appear well satisfied at giving her consent."

"If your highness," rejoined Angelina, "intends to be present, and considers our company as agreeable, it is our duty to attend."

"Use not such a word as duty:—women command even the church."

"Except the church of Avignon," observed Rodolphe.

"Pope John is too old, and too fond of money and discussions, easily to give way," replied the primate: "yet, Count Rodolphe, I think, if your future daughter-in-law were to solicit, she would be successful."

"Except in ecclesiastical matters, you mean, prince," said Angelina.

"In clerical affairs, Countess de Roussigné, women have no interest."

"But in former days, prince," remarked De Montleans, "the pretty creatures took great in-

terest in the affairs of those who directed the affairs of the church."

"And will again, Count Rodolphe," rejoined his highness; "for human nature will be human nature still." In reading the lives and in recording the actions of the popes, we learn the vanity and weakness of man. We see the head of the church struggling for temporal, instead of regarding spiritual power: we see avarice blinding religion—we see superstition and hypocrisy;—"

"Yes, prince," said Reginald, entering, "we hear of kings of England, such as a Henry or a John, surrendering their crowns—to whom? To the bishop of Rome. 'Fore heaven, if I had a sceptre in my hand, I would break it on his holiness's head, before I would resign it."

"That would be an act more disgraceful to yourself than to the object of your attack. Should personal force be used to old age! shame! shame! sir Reginald!"

"Your highness censures justly: my expression was too strong: but I may say that if I wore a crown, St. Peter's crozier must be made of tougher

metal than of gold, or even of iron, to pull that crown from my head!" Then retiring with the prince, he continued, "Sire, here is the report of Hermann: every thing is quiet: some strangers have arrived; and the governor being occupied with your German representative, they have not been examined."

"They have been admitted into the city, you say! Well, Reginald, leave the governor and my representative to enjoy the table;—I am more proud to be his representative here."

"Where is Lorenzo, sire, for he might be useful!"

"He has made a foolish wager with Count Rodolphe, as to the sobriety of our citizens, male and female; and will lose, I fear, his temper as well as his favorite horse. He was wrong to oppose himself to you, Count de Montleans," pursued his highness, returning to the party, "for I should think that, in worldly matters, you are well skilled. We know you to be a good judge of Viennese beauty, and I dare say as good a one of Viennese sobriety."

"As for sobriety," rejoined Rodolphe, "we must not expect more than the prince our sovereign, whose opinions we have enforced by our wager: it is to be hoped, however, that Viennese beauty at least will not yield to Viennese wine; and that, if Lorenzo encounter a petticoat, he will save the credit of the town and his own horse."

The sand had nearly travelled its hourly course. "I fear," said Angelina, "my son has relied too much on the propriety of the citizens, or calculated too favorably on the rapidity of his own movements. What a foolish youth, to throw away so noble an animal! I cannot, or ought not, to call it throwing away, as you are to win it; but you, sir Count, have so many fine horses in your stables, that Lorenzo's favorite will appear but as a drop of water in the ocean."

"Be not afraid, dear Madame! if I win, he shall have two in return. Ho! here he is."

Lorenzo came dancing in, tossing up his cap in the air, and almost breathless.

"I have won! I have won!" shouted he. He threw down his cloak, half frantic with joy.

The prince expressed his surprise. "I fear our good citizens are not so dutiful as formerly to St. Maurice, and have neglected the example set by their ancestors, purposely to make me a false prophet."

"Be not alarmed, sir; by that worthy personage I swear, that the streets are covered with the bodies of his humble servants. I stumbled, swore, ran, and jumped, but could make no progress, nor could I find one reasonable being: at last, the street was so blocked up by a mob of combatants, that I darted off to the right, and near the hostelry I heard some jargon which I could not understand. I heard the jingling of money, and violent struggling; then something like a smothered cry: it became louder; it was the voice of a woman. She rushed towards me, followed by a man, who could run, but could not walk.

"I began to argue with myself whether both were drunk or not. She seized my arm, and seemed to wish to save herself, but was scarcely able to stand. The man rushed on, and I laid

him upon the ground with a slight back-handed blow. Uncovering my cloak, in order to be prepared for a second attack, the woman perceived my order of knighthood, and clung round me for protection.

"The drunkard was now again on his legs, and, with closed hands, and head down, he rushed forward like a bull. With the flat part of my scabbard I gave him a severe blow on the back of the head, left him senseless, and carried off my prize; —ay, and have her here to produce. On the road she told me of her refusal of a purse, and said the drunken non-descript had then proceeded to violence."

The damsel was introduced, and told her story in a simple, though agitated manner. She had passed the evening with a married sister: returning to her father's house, she had taken the less-frequented street, to avoid the rioters, and had unluckily met the assailant.

Rodolphe acknowledged that he had lost. The prince made the woman a handsome present, and

the countess ordered a page to conduct her to the care of her housekeeper, promising to take charge of her future fortunes. Lorenzo was too good-natured to add, that the assailant was no other than our good friend of inebrious memory, Thomas Hobson. He knew well that English horses required English grooming; and that if Reginald, in a rage, dismissed Thomas, either the Marquis himself, or his esquire Hawkwood, must attend to Gondibert. He contented himself, therefore, with the punishment he had inflicted, and with the thoughts that the pretty brunette had not sacrificed her virtue—without her own free consent.

The page to whom Claudine was intrusted knew that Dame Bridget had done full honor to St. Maurice, and, happy with her eau-de-vie, was cradled with Morpheus in noisy slumber: he therefore conducted the pretty, plump, sparkling-eyed girl to his own chamber; brought her cakes, fruit, wine, and cordials; and offered her the pleasure of his company.

The young imp of mischief saw that the prize was no prude, and determined to work what he

saw to his own advantage. He enlarged on the manly beauty, generosity, and amiability of his master, toasting his health, praising the wine, encouraging, flattering, and admiring. At last, Claudine, elevated by the sparkling cup, and bewildered by the nonsense of the page, declared that Lorenzo had protected her from insult and disgrace; that he was a handsome gentleman, an officer, and a knight; and whatever he chose to ask, that she could do, she willingly and cheerfully would consent to.

Whether this was intended for a hint or not, we cannot say; but it was not thrown away upon "Le Fou," for so his master always called him. He heard Lorenzo's voice in the gallery, and hastily took leave of the astonished, half-frightened, half-pleased Claudine.

From Lorenzo he received any thing but a complimentary attack. "Where the devil were you, sir? I have been looking for you this half hour! How dare you be absent from your post?"

"I was employed on my master's service," returned the page.

"Say, more properly, my mother's service; taking my prize to that old devil, Bridget,—a cross old witch."

"Yes, captain, she is old and cross; but fortunately she is also drunk, egregiously drunk. So, knowing that poor Claudine must sleep somewhere, I gave her my room: it is but small it is true, but it is clean; and as for myself, I can sleep with one of my fellow pages. One night does not signify; and if any thing comes of it, I will say the dame ordered it, and she will not know whether it is true or false. I have taken in refreshment, and borrowed some of my sister's night things, who is in waiting on my young lady."

"Get me my satin robe-de-chambre, couleur de rose. Give me some perfumes; prepare my habit for the morning's sport; and now set off, you little scoundrel! you are much more rogue than fool, I warrant."

Lorenzo very soon forgot that such a person as Aurélie was in existence; and as his page's chamber adjoined his own, he was enabled to taste some of the delicacies prepared by his attendant. Lo

renzo was not however much pleased, in the morning, to hear Le Fou rapping at his door, and proclaiming that it was day-light. The answer briefly was, " Come again in half an hour."

CHAP. XXXIII.

THE CHASE.

While Lorenzo was dressing, he made the following arrangement with Le Fou.

" There is an apartment in a tower separated by a passage from the main building, and I intended it for my armour and accoutrements: if Bridget has nothing better to offer, she may give that chamber to Claudine. Having no mother, and a drunken father, I am certain she is accustomed to loneliness. Give this purse to Bridget:—tell her I have some champagne at her service in my private cellar. Tell her, also, to allow Claudine to sit in her own room, there to learn the duties of a careful housekeeper, as I intend her to be mine when I

take possession of the Fort de la Batie, in my new capacity of deputy-governor: and, moreover, tell the dame not to allow her to mix with the male attendants. Now fetch my hunting spear, and inquire whether the Marquis is ready."

In the absence of his page, Lorenzo told Claudine not to leave the room till all the party had set off for the chase, and that, meanwhile, his page should bring her every thing she required. He then, being fully equipped, joined the hunting party, which set out in grand cavalcade.

All the vassals of Roussillon and Montleans had been employed in forming roads and drives, cutting stations, and making other necessary preparations.

Count Rodolphe, accompanied by Reginald, De Lunheim, Chapennes, and others, had trotted on, in order to receive the distinguished spectators.

The primate was mounted on a noble war horse, with purple and gold trappings: Agenor rode by the side of Aurélie; and between the Countesses Angelina and Rosalie, the Count de Roussillon was stationed. Franciscus rode a little in the rear of

lady Aurélie: Lorenzo led the body-guard, in advance, and Hermann commanded the rear. In proper stations were the attendants and pages in waiting.

A superb pavilion, with the standard of the primate, was fixed in the centre of a plain; in the front of it was a statue of St. Hubert, or probably of Actæon transformed into a saint instead of a stag. Chasseurs and attendants formed a circle around, and the household troops of Roussillon and Montleans were stationed in lines. Between the statue and the tent were the knights of St. Maurice. In the centre the Count de Montleans and his party were prepared, uncovered, to receive the prince primate.

The moment that the advanced guard moved off to the right and left, the air was almost rent with the confusion of tongues and the clamor of warlike instruments.

It was thought advisable, in passing through the household troops with their decorated banners, to attach two pages to each of the ladies' palfreys; while the prince reined his proud charger, as if it

was but yesterday he had returned from combating with the Infidels. The primate alighted, and the chaplain in waiting repeated a short service.

The trumpets sounded to horse, and the party destined to act as spectators moved off, under the guidance of the constable of Montleans, who led the way along a road newly constructed, which passed gradually over a bed of rocks, the approach being defended by a strong barrier.

The lady Aurélie was equally pleased and surprised to see the newly-made entrance to the woodman's cave. At the opening, a strong wicker gate had been constructed, entwined with ivy and wild flowers. Some youths, habited as sylvan huntsmen, were here placed as guards, armed with javelins and bows.

The grot was of a picturesque shape, winding through arches of rock, and at length opening upon a vast space, from which there was an extensive view of the forest. By a flight of steps, formed of wood, the spectators were enabled to descend readily, and take their station on a hanging balcony, which was sufficiently out of reach of spears, stones, or arrows, to insure safety.

The sports commenced with a deer hunt. The dogs were well laid on, and the noble stag bounded past them with an air of grandeur and defiance: the hounds swiftly followed, and the best-mounted horsemen cheered them on.

Rosalie and Aurélie both praised the gallant bearing of Rodolphe. The prince warmly eulogized the horsemanship of Reginald; and Lorenzo galloped past, thinking more of displaying the beauty of his lately-gained prize, than of attending to the duties, or even the pleasures of the chase. The sounds of hound and horn died gradually away, while various birds flew past, disturbed by the pursuers or the pursued. Hares and rabbits galloped across the paths, appearing for a moment, as if to listen where the greatest danger existed: foxes stole cunningly along; and here and there a wild boar might be seen trotting and snorting, as if to wind his foes: the timid chevreuil startled the woodcock; and all the birds and beasts seemed to wonder where this war began.

The echo of the huntsman's horn again was heard, and the approach of hounds was distinctly marked by the bay sounding louder and louder

still. Beyond the space cleared in front of the cave, was a large and apparently deep pond: towards this the stag bent his course, and lay down in the rushes at its edge, to cool his fevered limbs, and wash the foam from his parched mouth. Opposite to this pond was a slight declivity, covered with roots and brambles: it was a point lately opened to enlarge the view. The eyes of the spectators were directed to this spot by the extraordinary crash of branch breaking after branch. This noise was produced by no less a person than our friend Hobson, mounted on a runaway horse. The animal, with his head high in air, passed through every obstacle; while Thomas lay with his head on the back of the horse, to have, as he called it, a strong pull, and at the same time save himself from the trees. Unfortunately for the rider, there was a huge tree which the woodmen had not carried off: the fore-feet of the horse came in contact with the timber, and Thomas was thrown directly in front of the stag. Thinking that the first blow was half the battle, he seized his cross-bow, and, with an arrow, broke the

shoulder-bone of the deer, without, however, inflicting a deadly wound.

The stag fell forward. Thomas, elated with his success, thought the noble animal was dying, and seized him by the horns. They struggled together; but the stag, having touched land, rested himself on his hinder legs, which were bent under him; and, placing his sound fore-leg so as to give sufficient force, with a spring, and a toss of his head, threw poor Hobson over his back, into the mass of dirt which he had so lately quitted. The mud flew around, as the bulky groom measured his short length.

The spectators were almost choked with laughter. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs: this frightened the stag, who rushed into the pond just as poor Hobson had so far recovered himself as to get his head above water: but his legs were stuck so fast by his exertion to get himself up, that there he remained, in certainly what was, to him, no very pleasant company. Fortunately, the wound he had inflicted secured him from attack; and the only disagreeable circumstances were the fright,

and the mud which the animal, in its efforts to get into deeper water, threw into his face and mouth.

When three or four dogs arrived, the danger became more serious. "If that leader," said Agenor, "be Cæsar, and he cannot approach the stag, he will fasten on poor Thomas."

Hobson spluttered and dashed the water about. The stag, at the approach of the dogs, had lowered his head, and nothing but the points of his nostrils was above water. The splashes which Hobson had made naturally attracted the dogs. Cæsar leaped in, and, seizing him by the hair of his head, which, be it remembered, was strong, thick, and not overclean, dragged him on shore, while two younger dogs seized him behind by those large leather trunks which we have before noticed.

Agenor shouted, "César! attendez, César!" The animal knew his voice, released Hobson, and looked up to his young master, who exclaimed, "Sauvez, donc, César!" on which, the old dog immediately attacked, and drove off the whelps, himself lying down by the half-suffocated groom.

In a short time Reginald galloped up. He saw,

from the air breathed by the stag, where his lair was, and, whirling his javelin around, struck him between the antlers: after a violent plunge, the noble animal disappeared.

If the opening scene had gratified, the concluding one must have surprised the ladies. Knights and huntsmen, whose gay caparisons had so much attracted notice, now appeared splashed from head to foot, with drooping plumes and jaded horses. The hunters soon assembled, and formed a jovial circle, which a plentiful distribution of provisions contented well. The entrance of the cave had been converted into a retiring or banqueting-chamber. The natural grot had been lined with oak, and adorned with all the spoils which graced the hunter's hall of the castle of Montleans. The party arranged themselves according to their several tastes; and the sounds of warlike music, which ascended from the plain beneath, added to the pleasure usually derived from a rural festival.

Franciscus repeated some lines, in which the tender passion was warmly expressed: they reminded the prince of past days, and made him feel

that pomp, pride, and power, can never equal the pleasures of love and youth. Agenor's eyes were fondly turned towards Aurelie, the prince pressed the hand of Angelina, while Rodolphe gaily said, "Some turn their thoughts to the mid-day sun; mine are directed to the opening dawn; and here is the lovely blushing Rosebud that decorates the scene." Rosalie felt as if she could sink into the earth, but she was relieved by the full chorus of the hunters. While the woods resounded with their joyous notes, the prince informed Reginald of the reasons which induced him to be present at the chase. "It is absolutely necessary," said he, "to keep our knights near us; and a day of indolence might induce many to return to their own castles: besides, I have now had an opportunity of judging on whom we may rely as good horsemen and daring characters. De Montron is superior to all our knights except De Montleans. Have a shrewd eye as to that stranger's actions:—but, Reginald, you are not the person to practise the wariness of suspicion:—let *Hubert* look to him! Our day of trial draws near: my information is

vague, but yet I think to-morrow will bring fresh matters to light. Meanwhile, Reginald, confide in Lorenzo; and, if experience be needed, there stands the man whom I commend to you. Bertrand de Lunheim will not betray or desert his comrade."

CHAP. XXXIV.

THE TOURNEY.

On the morning of St. Britius the clouds began to lower, and there was a storm of thunder and rain. This considerably damped the ardor of the knights, and dispirited the populace. About midday, however, a small patch of blue sky gave welcome notice that the evening might prove fine.

It had been proposed to defer the tournament; but as the following day was Saturday, (anciently the holy day of rest,) the primate would not allow a joust to be held; and to defer the sports, in the threatening state of the weather, until Monday,

would have been too long: accordingly, the primate and the ladies, assembled from the neighbouring territories, took their stations in the galleries.

We cannot now stop to describe fine dresses or pretty looks: there was to be a fight, which whether real or feigned, was always attended with danger, and ought not, therefore, to be treated lightly.

The ground was wet, the prospect unpromising, and there was evidently a general disinclination to enter the lists.

The primate, to inspire the knights with ardor, ordered the standards of St. Maurice and St. Charles to be planted on either side of the field, and three knights to defend each banner. Don Calderos, the Count Lorenzo, and a chevalier from Burgundy, were named for the former; and for the latter there appeared only the Chevalier de Montron: Rodolphe and Reginald belonged to both orders, and therefore were not eligible.

Two strangers now advanced as knights of St. Charles, gave their designations to the herald at arms, and the combat commenced. The Don was

opposed to the leader of these two, who wore black armour, with a spear's point apparently issuing from his heart; he had on a white scarf: Lorenzo's lot was the knight companion; and the third of St. Maurice was to face the Chevalier de Montron.

They drew up according to custom, and at a given signal, made the best of their way across the mud, which in the morning had been sand and fine earth intermingled.

The Don, confiding too much in his own powers, under-rated those of his adversary, who was one well skilled in such pastimes, and who, by main force, bore his opponent down to the ground. The Don, unfortunately, retained the reins of his steed, and so threw the animal backwards on himself, and received some severe bruises: in attempting to rise he was even more unfortunate; for the horse, either intentionally or accidentally, put his fore-foot on the uncovered head of the Don, who was carried off speechless: Lorenzo had vanquished the knight companion; and De Montron the champion of Burgundy.

The black knight, as leader of his party, was to

remain tranquil, while Lorenzo and De Montron fought for the credit of their orders. The superior skill of the latter was successful, and the knights of St. Charles were declared victorious. The conquerors then challenged the field, and, among the competitors, the prince selected Rodolphe and Reginald. The latter vaulted upon Gondibert, and fastened on his arm a pale blue scarf: the former quietly mounted a noble war horse; and, as his squire was bringing his shield and spear, tied across his breast a scarf of pale rose.

The trumpets sounded; Rodolphe took his career, saluting the ladies, as if he were about to commence some innoxious amusement. When Lorenzo was overcome, Rodolphe had made excuses for his misfortune, dwelling upon his inexperience and the acknowledged skill of Montron. This had reconciled Angelina to her son's misfortune, but had not satisfied the prince, who burned with the desire of measuring a lance with the stranger knight.

It fell to the lot of Rodolphe to encounter the black knight. He galloped round again, appa-

rently elated with the idea of encountering the man who had defeated the champion of Vienne. When he had finished the second career, he checked his horse, wheeled into his place, and, as the trumpet blew the charge, darted against the black knight with an irresistible velocity, and overthrew both horse and rider. While the esquires were occupied in releasing the black knight from his perilous situation, Reginald and De Montron had made their attack. They met with equal force: the spear of the former broke, but its owner still dashed on; De Montron's spear next gave way, and Gondibert assisted his master in bearing the chevalier off his horse. Reginald leaped on the ground, and the combatants were prepared to dispute it sword in hand, when the prince forbade the further continuation of the combat.

The black knight demanded battle with the sword; Rodolphe solicited permission to accept the challenge, and the heralds admitted the demand.

Rodolphe advanced with that cool confidence which is gained by habitual exercise in arms, and

with the determination of one accustomed to warfare. The conflict was not of long duration: the black knight had received several bruises from his fall, as well as a severe blow from his adversary's spear: he was not, therefore, equal to contend against the strength and agility of the Count. He was disarmed in the act of rushing on his enemy, and fell. Rodolphe then returned his sword, and proffered his assistance, which was disdainfully refused. While De Montleans retired towards the barrier, the knight companion and others crowded round the wounded champion.

He appeared suffocating; his helmet was forcibly removed; and with astonishment they recognized—the Dauphin!

CHAP. XXXV.

THE COUNCIL.

De Montron and the knight attendant assisted in removing the Dauphin to the tent prepared in case of accidents occurring to the combatants; and where the Don lay, cursing the good fortune of his adversary, the slipperiness of the ground, and the awkwardness of his horse.

"I'll cut the brute's throat," growled he, "as soon as I can raise my arm!"

When the Don became acquainted with the rank of his opponent, now in his turn defeated, he received him as one whose superiority he was willing to admit. The Dauphin accepted an invitation to Fort Pipet; litters were sent for, and orders issued for due preparation.

Lorenzo returned to inform the prince primate of the rank of the stranger knight, and was immediately sent to offer apartments in the palace.

The Dauphin haughtily replied: "You were also one of the champions of St. Maurice who were defeated this day; I am not therefore the only discomfited knight; and as for the Count of Montleans, you may tell him from me, Guignes, Dauphin of the Viennese, that I pledge my word to demand a meeting at the first royal tourney, and the fight shall then be à l'outrance. To the primate, say I thank him for his proffered hospitality; but I am to be the guest of his excellency Don Calderos, and look to him for care and safety."

"As for safety, sir," returned Lorenzo, "with the Prince de Rougemont, primate of all the primacies of Gaul, knight of St. John of Jerusalem, &c. and sovereign of the orders of St. Maurice and St. Clement, you might be well assured of it; and as for care, I think the hospitality of the palace is as proverbial, as the want of it elsewhere."

"Be gone directly to the prince who sent you, with the Dauphin's reply," said the irritated governor.

"Don Calderos," replied the young knight, "I have the honor to be commandant of his highness's body-guard, as well as deputy governor of the

Fort de la Batie ; and even were you now capable of doing your duty, I should not consider myself, at this moment, under your orders. As a knight, and partner in misfortune, I consider myself your equal; but knowing your higher rank, and the pain both of mind and body which you suffer, I forgive the tone you have adopted towards Count Lorenzo de Lunheim." He then bowed respectfully, and left the tent.

The chevalier de Montron had been present at this conversation, and followed the indignant knight to the lists.

" Count Lorenzo," remarked he, " I like your bearing, and feel that the Don deserved your rebuke, for his insolence. I had no suspicion who my co-mates were, but now that I know them, I have no hesitation in saying, prenez garde."

The adviser was gone, but the advice was treasured up. Lorenzo reported aloud every syllable that had passed between the wounded knight and himself; and when the primate arrived at the palace, he summoned certain of his chief counsellors, among whom were the abbots of St. Paul and St.

Stephen, to instant attendance. Lorenzo went to the prince's private apartment, where he repeated the remarks made by De Montron.

"Desire the attendance of De Vavasour," said his highness. On his arrival, the primate thus addressed him:

"As the wounds of the governor of our garrison have rendered him incapable of doing his duty, we wish you, Sir Reginald, to take the supreme direction, and Lorenzo shall act as your second in command. Lorenzo, order the guards in the neighbourhood to be trebled: give Hermann the charge of the interior, and tell him to station the cross-bowmen in the gardens. Send one hundred horsemen out towards the château D'Albon."

As the primate spoke, the chaplain in waiting wrote down the stations, and numbers appointed.

The prince continued: "Marquis of Montserrent, you will leave one fifth of your legion in the Fort de la Batie; a similar detachment will be required in Fort Pipet; and you will despatch a strong division to the Campus Martius, and a force sufficient to guard the walls. Send scouts out to

the châteaus of Montleans and De Roussillon, giving their masters orders to collect and bring forward their men at arms. Place one hundred men at the entrance to the town, near Pilate's tower, and another at that of the château du Pont; and send one of your officers of the field to the commandant of St. Colombe, with orders to be on the alert."

Reginald demanded permission to name Hawkwood as his assistant on the field, which was granted; and a commission delivered to him, signed by the prince, which Reginald forwarded to his faithful follower.

The council being in due time assembled, the prince thus addressed the members:—

"My friends and counsellors,

"The time is now arrived, when I feel the necessity of communicating to you facts with which I have for some time been acquainted.

"The Dauphin has been engaged in intrigues to get possession of St. Colombe, and that part of our territory which lies on the opposite side of the Rhone. His gold has done more towards forward-

ing his cause, than either his tongue or his sword could perform.

"The Dauphin has also endeavoured to get a footing in this our town of Vienne, and has actually been in treaty with the civil power for the purchase of the Maison de la Ville with the droits attached. We are aware that the state of our finances, the great sums required to keep our abbeys and churches in repair, the constant expenditure upon our bridge, &c. leave us little means for purchase; especially as the Dauphin has seized the Château d'Albon, with the territory thereto belonging, under a claim of descent which he has traced back to an era previous to 1132, when the Emperor Frederick consigned these possessions to our predecessors.

"The Dauphin has also assumed the title of the Viennese.

"These circumstances, my friends, render it necessary to maintain a large force; and though I know my clerical brethren have hitherto opposed such a measure, and talked of relying on the especial goodness of Providence, and the subordinate

care of the emperor,—yet I feel that, as the head of a free people, in order to deserve divine protection, which all ought to pray for, it is necessary to adopt every precaution that human ingenuity, honestly applied, can furnish.

" And now, my brethren, with reference to the emperor, our protector, I speak in the presence of his accredited envoy, a man of honor and a soldier; and I fearlessly say, he can afford us no protection.

" It is well known that Pope John has renewed the sentence of excommunication against Louis of Bavaria; and the court of Avignon, influenced by French gold, is using every means which its shattered power still possesses, to procure a new election. If a war should break out between France and Germany, it is our wish to remain neuter: but we are, strictly speaking, allies—nay, vassals, of France; and if the kingdom of Gaul is invaded, we must arm in its defence. The Dauphin has applied to King Charles for aid in establishing his claim to our territories;—as report says, with a promise of afterwards ceding them, under certain

conditions, to the court of France: but Charles is too politic to encourage civil war, which would give an excuse to the emperor and his allies for aiding the injured Viennese. How far the views of the Dauphin are supported by Pope John we do not know, but we have no gold to spare for his grasping hand. Now, my brethren, I have candidly stated to you the general view I have taken of the politics of those sovereigns with whom, in a greater or less degree, our welfare is connected. As for our own powers, we have within these few weeks been roused into exertion. Our troops have been exercised and increased: we have been aided by two experienced noblemen, now present, who have from their earliest youth been bred to arms: we have added to our order of St. Maurice: we have appointed to the vacant governorship a youth of illustrious parentage, whose promise both of mental and personal courage and genius far exceeds that of the generality of young men: he is now employed, together with our captain Lorenzo, in providing measures of defence; and as the governor Don Calderos is incapacitated from act-

ive service, I have named Reginald, Marquis of Montserrent, as commander, pro tempore, of our troops.

" I have also to inform you that the wounded knight, now a guest at Fort Pipet, is no other person than my enemy, the Dauphin himself.

" With regard to our future conduct under these impending dangers, what, my brethren, is your advice?"

The abbot of St. Stephen recommended the detention of the Dauphin, for the present, as a close prisoner.

The abbot of St. Paul was of the same opinion; but went further, by advising his detention until he resigned all claims to the Viennese.

The four elders of the knights of St. Maurice agreed that it would be best to collect a body of troops, and surround the Château d'Albon, that, in case of any treacherous attack upon either St. Colombe or Vienne, they might be enabled to seize the castle, and then fall on the enemy in flank or rear, thus exposing them to a double attack.

The Count de Roussillon advised that they

should, in the first instance, demand of the Dauphin to give his parole not to leave the town without the prince's permission; and that, on his recovery, he should be examined as to the motives which induced him to intrude on their sports.

Count Rodolphe recommended that, in return for the uncivil manner in which he had replied to the prince, his highness should send him an order to quit his dominions as soon as he was able to move; "and as for his braggadocio about myself," added De Montleans, "I will not fail him, when and where he pleases."

"The Count de Lunheim has not given an opinion," remarked his highness.

"To speak the truth, prince primate," said our old friend of the green suit, "the person whom I have served never asked my opinion: he said, 'go,' and I went; 'do that,' and I did it. But, if you wish me either to intermediate between you, or to fight the Dauphin, I am at your service; I neither dread his power nor his prowess."

A messenger arrived with a written report from Reginald. Having perused it, the prince thus

addressed the meeting: "There may be some policy in the advice of our abbot of St. Stephen; but our brother of St. Paul goes too far. I cannot, under the present circumstances, sanction the recommendation of our elders. The advice of our ally of Roussillon appears in part defective; for the parole of a treacherous knight, if the Dauphin be such, is of no value. Count Rodolphe's opinion manifests his spirit, but is deficient in prudence. The Count de Lunheim has hinted at intermediation, which appears to me partially to fall in with the Count de Roussillon's idea: I will adopt it. And now, my brethren, hear the Marquis, our general: 'Several groupes of knights are galloping in various quarters, as if to cover a movement; and our scouts inform us that boats have been crossing the river the whole day, laden with men in peasants' cloaks.'"

Rodolphe started up. "By St. Maurice, this looks like business: where are my louts of Montleans?" He took a hasty leave, and in a few moments was on the road to his château.

The Count de Roussillon joined Agenor and the

ladies at the mansion: the latter were in a state of dreadful alarm. The Count, in an agitated manner, said, he believed hostilities would soon commence. "Heavens! what will become of us?" cried Rosalie.

"Though I cannot well manage a war horse," said Agenor; "I can use my sword in defending you, ladies, or my pen in aiding the prince."

Franciscus observed: "I am more used to the pen than the sword:—stay you with the ladies; I will to the primate."

He found his highness and father Hubert in close conference, and the prince was noting down the words reported to him. "Hubert," said he, "for the present you may retire." Franciscus offered his assistance.

"Thank you, my kind friend," answered the primate: "it gives me fresh spirits to find strangers so zealous in my cause; but you will be better employed in keeping up the courage of the ladies. I have summoned all my secretaries."

"But, sire," returned Franciscus, "in these times there may be such a thing as a treacherous

secretary, as well as a treacherous prince. Reginald knows my hand-writing, and will feel confidence in obeying, to the letter, any orders forwarded in my despatches."

The prince agreed to this. Ten sub-officers and one hundred men had arrived from the Fort Roussillon. Hubert and Chapennes were sent with them to reinforce the garrison of Colombe.

Rodolphe met his horsemen, and took a circuit of the ramparts. At a distance he descried a considerable force, in close battle array: he concealed his troops, and sent expresses to the prince, as well as to Reginald, and to Montleans, for further aid.

One messenger was despatched after another; and at last, the Count grew so impatient, that he determined to seek his troops himself, and ordered the remainder of his cavalry to put themselves in communication with the general in chief.

"Curse that fellow Hubert!" exclaimed he, "where can he be now? He knows I want his sword more than his prayers, and he is my right arm in cases of danger. Now, were he here, he

could lead those blockheads, who, I dare say, will move towards Grenoble instead of Lyons. The green man, too, why should he not fight first, and negotiate afterwards? As for my love-sick Agenor, he is a brave young fellow, that is true; but he is no soldier: that is not my fault; that proceeded from his mother, who would make me bring him up to be a scholar. Of what use, in the devil's name, is a scholar? All he gains from his learning, is head-ache and a bad appetite. Commend me to the man who mounts his horse at break of day, pursues the chase, breathes the pure air of heaven, and returns, laden with spoil, to his cheerful home and well-spread table. Such a man is ready for war at a moment's notice; and, as there will always be wars, so there ought at least to be the majority of every family ready to lead their vassals to the field. Give me a sword instead of a book!—scholar indeed!"

CHAP. XXXVI.

THE EXPLANATION.

HAWKWOOD arrived at the palace with important information.

Reginald had collected the whole body of the Viennese cavalry, including those of the guard and of Montleans, and sent messengers to the hostile knights, ordering them to retire. The messengers brought word that the knights had fallen back on small bodies of troops in their rear, and that these seemed determined on resistance. The general divided his force, himself taking the right, and Lorenzo the left: they then charged each body rapidly and successfully, and drove them off, taking some knights, and about fifty men, prisoners.

Reginald, then, hearing of a strong force advancing towards the town in another quarter, had left Lorenzo to keep the discomfited knights in check,

and marched to reconnoitre the main body.

Hawkwood returned with a strong reinforcement, and Reginald determined to lose no time. Before the attack commenced, several distant cheers, regularly repeated, were heard by the soldiers. Reginald ordered his bowmen to discharge their arrows, and his troops to cheer and charge. Whether the object of the enemy was attained, or whether the troops were intimidated, Reginald could not ascertain; but they made a rapid retreat.

The pursuit was arrested by the shades of evening, and orders were sent to Lorenzo to withdraw his corps, and meet the main body on the banks of the Gere. Hawkwood was sent forward to collect torch-bearers, and to report verbally to the prince the complete success of his troops.

While these warlike skirmishes were in progress, the Count de Lunheim had been pacifically employed. He now returned to give an account of his mission.

"I found the Dauphin and the Don," said he, 'in comfortable enjoyment: I have brought away this paper." The written explanation given by

the Dauphin was;—that he came to the tourney for the purpose of breaking a lance with the champions of Vienne; that he felt, at the moment of defeat, and under the sufferance of pain, a sensation of animosity,—a thirst for revenge; but upon cool reflection, and conversation with the Don, he was pacified by the assurance of Count Rodolphe's well-known courage, skill, and true knightly feeling; and that he was ready to drink in pledge of their future amity. With respect to his knights and troops, he had given directions to the constable of Grenoble to send out certain armed parties to cover his escape, in case he were discovered, and any hostile treatment threatened;—but he never ordered them to be assailants; and, if they were so, he trusted they had received the treatment they deserved."

The Count de Lunheim was desired to reply, on the part of the prince, "that his highness regretted the hostile part his general, under circumstances of apparent danger, had thought it necessary to act; that the knights prisoners should retain their swords; and in the morning the troops

should receive their arms; finally, that apartments should be prepared at the palace, or a litter to carry the prince with safety to his own château."

The Count once more returned with the prince's thanks, and his intention to mount a palfrey of the governor's, as he felt equal to the fatigue.

Hawkwood collected, at the bridge, four or five hundred men and boys, with torches, and made fires near to their stations, so that they could light them at a moment's notice. When the troops were formed, the torch-men were disposed of in front and rear, as well as on each side of the soldiers, who marched four abreast. The martial instruments sent forth their exhilarating tones, and, added to the sudden blaze of light, attracted a multitude of beholders, all inquiring the cause. As they passed the palace, the troops and people cheered, and shouted "Vive le Prince!" The ladies, in their alarm, thought of the Dauphin, and imagined that the town had been carried by assault. "Heavens! what will be the end of this?" exclaimed Rosalie.

Angelina's terrors were for the safety of her

daughter, and the honor of a person whom she had never for one hour ceased to love, and whom she now almost adored for his constant kindness and attention. She felt conscious that to him, and to his father, (although the latter had blighted her hopes in the tenderest point,) she owed all the comforts she possessed: her nature was such as to require those comforts, which she well knew how to value. Opinions were not, in the days of which we write, so strict or so correct as they are now: the reader therefore need not be surprised at the frail Countess's being able to enjoy the luxuries of life, the pleasures of society, the happiness of a domestic circle, or the tranquillity of retirement from the follies and turmoils of the world. Possessing, as she did, affectionate children, Angelina forgot, in their devoted attachment, the existence of another relation, whom she neither feared nor loved, neither honored nor obeyed.

Rosalie, whose fears were tremblingly alive, fancied herself torn from her friends, and consigned as a wife to some follower of the Dauphin, who might claim her as a reward for his services, with-

out reflecting whether he should wish or not to retain the prize he had gained.

Aurélie was deeply occupied in thought, but seemed determined to behave in a manner worthy of her rank and station. The Count had in vain entreated her to retire to Roussillon: she would not move without Agenor, and Agenor would not leave a place of danger, while his services could be of the slightest use. "I was sent to cheer the spirits of these beautiful statues; and although I cannot boast of much success, still my endeavours are perhaps worth something, when, otherwise, a mouse might be converted into a mountain, the buzz of an insect be exaggerated into the whiz of an arrow."

Petrarch rushed in, exclaiming, "they are arrived!"

"Who?" was re-echoed from all.

"Vive le Prince! Vive le Prince!" shouted the enthusiastic young man, out of breath with haste and agitation:—"The Prince de Rougemont," pointing to the Campus Martius.

The ladies ran to the balcony.

"There is Count Rodolphe," said Rosalie; "I know him by the ——"

"Rose-colored scarf you tied on this morning, my love," added her mother.

"And there is my knight," cried Aurélie, "with the blue."

"But where is my son?" inquired Angelina.

Franciscus replied:—"In returning to the garrison, his post will be in the rear, as he was stationed to secure the tranquillity of the town, after he had successfully acted against the enemy in the front."

The troops deployed in good order. Count Rodolphe had mounted a fresh charger, and was in the full enjoyment of his wonted good spirits: Reginald rode Gondibert, who seemed to think he had done quite enough for one day. The soldiers took their stations, trimmed their fires, posted their sentinels, and piled their arms. Tables, benches, and provisions were speedily arranged in every part of the field.

Reginald and Lorenzo, having dismounted, personally superintended the various arrangements;

and being satisfied that their soldiers had every thing they could desire, followed Count Rodolphe to the palace. On their way, Lorenzo addressed his commander: "I will candidly admit, sir Marquis, that you did the business in a manner fitted to inspire your followers with confidence. If old Don Cankeros had been there, all his movements would have been intolerably cautious before action, and all his actions violent and blood-thirsty when the affair commenced: while you, on the contrary, took your view of the ground you had to act on; cast a glance at the force you had to rely on; made your dispositions, and opposed man to man in combat, with as much coolness as if you were tilting. If we had had another half hour's light, not a man would have escaped."

"I have received lessons in England," replied our hero, "from the same nobleman who instructed the young Edward in the arts of chivalry; and I have also studied the art of war under the illustrious Count Robert d'Artois. Yet I acknowledge my presumption in assuming the command, even though ordered by his highness, when Count

Rodolphe was in the field: I trust he will pardon me."

"I heard him say, general," answered Lorenzo, "that it gave him more pleasure to see you lead that charge, than he could receive from the best day's sport his hounds ever afforded him."

CHAP. XXXVII.

UNION.

The prince received and embraced his brave and zealous defenders, and requested them to accompany him to the Maison, that they might receive the thanks of its fair inmates.

"Short as the time has been since the closing of the tourney," said he, "it has been passed there in a state of suspense, anxiety, and fear."

Gratified as the prince felt at the unexpectedly favorable termination of hostilities, and alive as he was to the enjoyments he possessed, yet the opportunity thus offered to him of displaying his

power, decision, and determination, had rekindled his dormant passion for military fame, and given to his appearance an ardor, which, in his character of primate, he endeavoured to restrain. On his entry, Angelina and Rosalie rushed towards him, and almost fainted from excessive joy, in his arms.

Lorenzo hastily embraced his mother and sister; and, on pretence of finding another sword, his own having broken over the helmet of one of those whom he had made prisoner, he ran to *the tower*. Rodolphe cried out, "I think a wooden one will do for all the enemies you will have to encounter this evening."

"Behold, ladies," said the primate, "our guardian angels: I pray you, receive them as they merit."

Count Rodolphe respectfully saluted Angelina and Aurélie; and, while he fondly folded Rosalie in his arms, she blushingly exclaimed,—"Heaven be praised that you are safe!"

Reginald coldly saluted each lady, but met with great cordiality both Agenor and Franciscus, whispering the former that he was determined to chase

Lorenzo to his apartment; "for," said he, "I have had a hard day's work, and want sustenance."

It is not necessary to follow the young soldiers to the tower. Leaving them to the enjoyment of their gaiety, we shall attend to more serious matters.

When the pages had retired, the prince said:— "It is fortunate that our youthful chieftains should have chosen to absent themselves; as I wish to talk on subjects of delicate import, and their presence would but add to the embarrassment of certain young damsels."

The ladies looked at each other with surprise. "You are aware, Madame," pursued the prince, "that the fair hand of this lady (turning to Aurélie) "is destined for Count Agenor; and my venerable friend, Count de Roussillon, has solicited me to hasten the union, as he says his days are numbered."

Aurélie threw herself into her father's arms. The primate continued:—"The Count Agenor is to depart forthwith for Avignon; and, were they to remain unmarried, and another attack to be made

in his absence: were our troops overpowered by superior force, the daughter of the house of Roussillon might be compelled to accept the hand of another; but the church has yet sufficient power to cause the married state to be respected."

Agenor was at the feet of his mistress. He prayed,—she blushed;—her father implored, and she whispered assent.

"And now, my pretty Rosebud," said the prince, "it is your time for blushing. The Count Rodolphe demands your hand."

Rosalie rising, said with a composure which astonished all who heard her:—"That we have escaped much peril is greatly owing to the exertions of Count Rodolphe; to him, therefore, I am indebted for the safety of those to whom I owe love and obedience. I consider myself as perfectly unworthy of his choice; but if he chooses me, I am already informed of my mother's wishes, and those wishes are to me commands. Dispose of me as you will." She then left the apartment, followed by her mother and Aurélie.

The prince and Count de Roussillon decided that the marriages should take place on the following evening. "I will so employ our youths who have deserted us this evening," said he, "as to prevent them from mocking at our hastened solemnities. The ceremony shall be performed by me in my private chapel; and I can say with sincerity, that I heartily wish, (as I hope I may truly prophesy,) that this double union may doubly add to the felicity of those whom I love and esteem."

The father and son congratulated each other upon their happy prospects, and the prince partook of the joy which his influence and persuasion had caused.

Reginald arrived to receive the prince's orders.

"The Dauphin has intimated to us," said the primate, "his intention of leaving Vienne at mid-day to-morrow. It is my wish that the garrison should be drawn out in good order, and that you and Lorenzo should command two divisions of our cavalry to attend the prince through our poor dominions. If, Sir Reginald, the Dauphin should

in courtesy demand your presence at his château, you will give us pleasure in accepting his invitation."

Reginald bowed, and withdrew.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

THE DAUPHIN.

At the appointed hour, Guignes the Eighth, Count of Dauphine, and styling himself Dauphin of the Viennois, left Fort Pipet, mounted on a palfrey splendidly decorated, followed by his esquire at arms, and attended by his knights.

The soldiers of Dauphiné were under arms in the Campus Martius, and the ladies were present to view the personage who had so much alarmed them, and who had so unexpectedly become an inmate of their town. The infantry of Vienne lined the streets, and the cavalry were drawn up in two bodies, facing inwards towards the Dauphinese. The Dauphin addressed a few words to the prince

and Count Rodolphe, and bowing to the ladies, set off at half speed, escorted by Reginald and Lorenzo. As they rode up the steep hill which commands a fine view of Vienne, the Dauphin turned his horse at the proper points, and called the attention of Reginald to the magnificent prospect. In so doing, he contrived to allow Lorenzo to ride on, who was thinking of somebody or something,—but it was not of Aurélie.

"My visit to Vienne," said the prince to Reginald, "in returning from my city of Grenoble, was unfortunate; but I cannot pass a tournament by, nor can I bear defeat without losing my temper."

"There is no one at Vienne," replied our hero, "capable of meeting the Count of Dauphiné, except the Count de Montleans."

"Well! his was the fortune of the day, and I must bear my lot; but this is not the only mischance. There is a prophecy of an astrologer affecting a child, which I hope, ere long, to be blessed with; and whose fortunes in life depend, as he says, upon those of his parents during the time of pregnancy. Now, ladies in these days are su-

perstitious, and I should wish this affair to be concealed from the Princess Isabelle. I have given the proper caution to my knights; and I hope your brother officer, who, as well as yourself, I expect will accompany me to the Château d'Albon, will be equally kind and silent."

Reginald assured the Dauphin that he would be answerable for Lorenzo, as well as himself.

"How surprisingly well your horsemen looked after their hard work yesterday, in chasing my scarecrows!" remarked the Count.

Reginald explained, that he had not willingly exposed his men either to danger or fatigue; nor had he wished to do more than strict necessity seemed to demand; and when those to whom he was opposed retreated, he had no wish to press the affair to a serious issue.

"I assure you, Marquis, that my knights speak of you in the highest terms, and declare that you charged them without using spear or sword."

"My business, Count of Dauphiné, was to direct, and not to act. If I had been occupied in

using my own lance, I could not have perceived the faults of others."

"If you, Marquis, choose to be modest, we choose to be grateful: you deserve well at our hands; you preserved my people, who in their zeal outran discretion, from being cut to pieces; and were content with an almost bloodless victory, when you might have well pleased the prince primate by cutting the poor devils to pieces: come to our castle, and there acknowledge that at least we are grateful."

Reginald sent his men forward to St. Valens, while he and Lorenzo accompanied the Count to the strongly-fortified Château d'Albon.

The Dauphin showed the knights all the exterior arrangements of the castle; and, having himself attended Reginald to his chamber, in order to prepare for the evening repast, went to his lady's private apartment, to explain that an accident had caused his delay at Vienne, and to announce that the prince primate had sent two of his knights with him as courteous escort.

The troops of Dauphine could not tell tales, for they had marched for Grenoble. The Princess Isabelle had not expected the immediate return of her husband, and therefore had not been unnecessarily alarmed: she was contented with the story the Dauphin related as to his accidental injury on the road; and, in her delight at his return, forgot the danger which he said he had so happily escaped.

When the Marquis of Montserrent was announced by the chamberlain, the princess demanded of her husband who he was.

"Governor and commandant of Vienne," replied the Dauphin.

When Reginald entered, decorated with his orders, his appearance did not disgrace the prince he served.

The Princess Isabelle turned pale, and said to her husband, "How like Queen ——— !"

"And the Earl of ———," rejoined he.

The princess blushed: she could know nothing of the latter resemblance, except by a medallion which she once saw; but she had heard some stories,

which were now almost forgotten by the world; and she felt the full force of her husband's remark.

The Marquis made his salutations in a courtly, though distant manner. The Dauphin mentioned that he was under great obligations to him; and the princess offered her hand, which the knight respectfully saluted.

When Reginald touched the princess's hand, to raise it to his lips, the hand he held returned his pressure with an instinctive feeling, and both lady and knight were equally astonished at the effect produced by sensations over which they had no control.

The day passed off in ceremonious grandeur and courtly restraint. The Dauphin was not satisfied with himself; the princess was annoyed, because she took an interest in the fortune of a stranger, unauthorized by personal knowledge, and for which she could not account. Reginald was embarrassed, and Lorenzo was awed.

"You have been in England, sir Marquis, I think?" said the Count.

"Yes, Count of Dauphine," replied Reginald, "I had the honor of being educated in that country, under the guidance of Isabel of France, Queen of England."

"My aunt!" said the princess.

"Then I can partly account for the warmth of sensation I experienced, Madame," remarked our hero, "on being presented to you."

"The title of Marquis of Montserrent is unknown to me," the Count said. "May I ask, sir knight, what former name you bore?"

"Reginald de Vavasour; and I was committed to the care of Robert d'Artois, by Queen Isabel."

A long pause ensued, during which the Dauphin and princess exchanged looks of great meaning and import.

"My love," said the princess, turning to her husband, "this gallant knight is the favored élève of our kinswoman: we must not consider him as a stranger."

"Reginald de Vavasour," exclaimed the Count, "take a soldier's embrace, and let us seal our friendship on the fair cheek of our princess."

The Dauphin then folded Reginald in his arms, and the youth followed his example in saluting the Princess Isabelle.

"Before the evening closes in," continued their host, "let me show you the princess's Plaisance, and we can afterwards inspect the interior of the Castle."

Reginald listened to the descriptions given by his illustrious conductor, as they passed through the various apartments; and Lorenzo exclaimed, "handsome! splendid! regal grandeur!" but Reginald was evidently thinking on some other subject than the decorations of a palace. The romantic scenery of the princess's pleasure-walks had brought before his mind the valley beneath the mountain-cave; the services he had the good fortune to render; the reward he was promised in the person of a young and dignified heiress; and the military rank and honor he had already received;—all of which seemed to arise out of that one simple action.

"And yet," thought Reginald, "it is not that alone: it is to the patronage of Queen Isabel, and

the protection of King Charles, and more particularly to the Prince de Rougemont, that I owe my present situation in the world: but to what do I owe the kindness of the Princess Isabelle?—She does not know that I have deserved any favor; but she alluded, when I entered, to some real or imaginary likeness, which seemed also to strike the Count."

Reginald was almost encouraged to give some utterance to his thoughts, when the castle-bell summoned them to return to the hall.

"Prudence prevents me," said the prince, "from indulging in the pleasures of the table; but I hope the Count Lorenzo will give his aid, and inspire you, sir Reginald, with some of his own gaiety;—else we shall think you regret this visit to our château."

Reginald roused himself to exertion, and the evening passed off in comparative gaiety. When they separated at night, Reginald expressed his wishes to be present at the celebration of high mass at Vienne on the following evening, and therefore begged permission to depart at an early

hour. The Dauphin presented him with a superb sword, and the cross of Dauphiné. The Princess Isabelle fastened around his arm a broad gold bracelet, of rich workmanship, and covered with preecious stones, in the centre of which was a medallion of her mother. "You must visit us again, De Vavasour," said the prince, "that we may become more intimately acquainted. Be assured, that both the princess and myself are deeply interested in your welfare; and I forthwith will despatch a messenger to the King of France, who shall be the bearer of memorable tidings."

Reginald, with warm expressions of gratitude and friendship, took his leave, and retired with Lorenzo to his chamber.

"By Mars, or St. Maurice, this is a land of enchantment for you," exclaimed the gay captain; "wherever you move, new honors, new gifts, new friendships are ready to await you:--ay, and new pleasures too: how that lovely creature blushed when you saluted her!"

"I was ordered so to do by the prince," returned De Vavasour.

"And in doing so, you felt great regret?"

"I felt highly honored by being allowed to touch the chaste cheek of so illustrious a person as Isabelle of France."

"Well, my general, as you appear so indifferent, I only wish his highness had chosen me."

"Restrain your raillery, Count Lorenzo, or else I must remind you that I am your commanding officer."

"I beg your pardon, Sir Reginald; I did not mean to offend. I spoke in the gaiety of my heart, and in the exhilaration of that excellent côte-rôtie: but, be assured, my tone was not one of raillery. I highly respect the character and station of the princess: I pray you, forgive me."

"My spirits," rejoined the young Marquis, "have been depressed, and sometimes I fear my comrades may be inclined to take liberties. I ought to know, Lorenzo, that is impossible with you; for I have ever remarked in you the most becoming deference towards the feelings of others, and general respect for all those who deserve to be respected; among whom our illustrious hostess takes

a high rank. Good night, my friend, and fellow-soldier."

CHAP. XXXIX.

NEW APPOINTMENTS.

In removing the two young knights from the scene of domestic action, the prince was instigated by a consideration for the feelings of Lorenzo; but had he known the secret history of the tower, he need not have dreaded his presence at the consignment of Aurélie to the arms of a more favored suitor.

In the evening, the primate, assisted by the abbots of St. Paul and St. Stephen, united the father and son to two as perfect specimens of female loveliness as those reverend gentlemen had ever beheld.

The evening was passed with greater glee at the Maison than is usual on matrimonial occasions; as the Countess de Roussigné was overjoyed, and the

Count de Roussillon appeared, in the fulfilment of his wishes, to have gained an additional grant to his term of human existence.

Little did Reginald and Lorenzo think, as they rode towards Vienne, that two newly-made brides were listening to all the rhapsodies of a husband's protestations, on the first morning after marriage.

When properly equipped, Reginald entered the private apartment of the primate, and found his highness evidently discomposed. On the table lay a gilt baton, and a large roll of vellum, with seals attached.

The primate was impatient to give utterance to his thoughts, but the canon in waiting announced the hour of service, and led the way to the cathedral.

Reginald walked on the right hand of his superior, and took his station opposite to the gallery occupied by the ladies. The ceremony was performed with a mixture of religion and military pomp: the Host was raised; and the loud tones of martial instruments announced to the guards, who lined the body of the church, the signal for bending

the knee, and lowering the points of their spears and battle-axes. The primate ascended the pulpit, and briefly addressed his subjects. The discourse was impressive, pointing out the duties of the governor and governed, enjoining faith, confidence, unanimity, affection, and obedience. This was the first discourse the inhabitants of Vienne had heard from the mouth of their primate: those who understood it praised and explained it; those who did not understand it, declared it was miraculous.

A council was subsequently held at the palace. The prince stated that Don Calderos de Valenciana had, under feelings of irritation at a stranger's success, while acting as his representative, sent in his resignation; adding, that the subsequent conduct of the late governor was more than suspicious.

"In times like these," added his highness, "it does not become us to falter in our proceedings. We have accepted his proffered baton, which we now give unto Reginald de Vavasour, Marquis of Montserrent, and appoint him to the vacant offices.

We further give to the Count Lorenzo de Lunheim the command of our Fort de la Batie, and make him deputy-commander of our garrison. We require the energy of youth; and you will allow, my brethren, that we have lately witnessed the effects which such energy produces. It is necessary also to announce to you, that the inhabitants of St. Colombe have forfeited their allegiance, and declared for the Dauphin."

After a short deliberation, the court broke up, and the newly-appointed governors remained for their private audience.

"We have taken, sire," said Reginald, "the usual oaths; we have given and received the usual salutations; but what can we say sufficiently strong to thank you for all your goodness and confidence?" The prince embraced both knights, and left them to consult upon their future arrangements, while he hastened to the Maison, to announce the promotion of Lorenzo.

The Count de Roussillon earnestly entreated the prince to pass a day with him at the château;

and concluded with saying, "My daughter will not part from her husband, and I will not part from my daughter; so I am determined to travel with them to Avignon."

"Would I could take my Rosalie with me!" said Rodolphe; "but war and women do not well accord. My people are ready in Flanders; and I must soon pronounce that cold word, adieu!—but look not so sad, my Rosebud! you would not leave your mother, you know."

"I fear I would," whispered Rosalie, "if you asked me."

"Hush, my love," ejaculated her husband, "no treason!"

Preparations were made for the immediate removal to Roussillon: the two new-made commanders remained to make their military arrangements.

The heart of Reginald swelled high at the prospect now before him: youthful and inexperienced as he was, it appeared almost a dream to imagine himself governor of Vienne; successor of the man

who had so lately endeavoured tyrannically to repress the very germ of his present greatness. It was his air that attracted, as it was his noble bearing which interested Lorenzo; while both those attributes of high birth awed even the overbearing spirit of Don Calderos. The strong resemblance to his father fixed the fate of De Vavasour; and sustained by the friendly hand of the primate of all the primacies of Gaul, Reginald felt inspired with the assurance, that he could fulfil the high duties which he was so unexpectedly called upon to assume.

CHAP. XL.

THE MULETEERS.

THE messenger who had been despatched by Count Rodolphe to Paris returned, with the king of France's permission for Agenor to represent his father at the court of Rome; and brought also a letter of instructions for the Marquis of Montserrent.

"Lorenzo," said Reginald, "you are now to command in Vienne: I am ordered to depart for Avignon. Do not shrink from your duty on account of your youth: the experience of past and present days sufficiently prove that it is not the grayest head that is the sagest."

"My dear friend," answered his deputy, "shall not find me deficient in exertion; but were I to depend on myself, I should entertain great doubts for the safety of Vienne."

"Were the possessions of the prince in imme-

diate danger," replied the Marquis, "your friend would not desert his post; but at present, there is nothing further to apprehend. We have lost St. Colombe,—a great loss, I will admit; but the Count of Dauphiné will be contented with the acquisition of that town. It might be recovered directly or indirectly; a sudden attack on Grenoble might prove a good feint:—but away with these subjects! I must now turn my thoughts to civil instead of military matters. Keep a strict watch;—be not sparing of yourself;—and on all points consult his highness the primate. He possesses a mind fitted for rule, equal to combat against fortune, or capable of following her waving hand, while the goddess, turning on her wheel, scatters thorns with roses in her votary's path. Albert de Rougemont is born to be the son of Fortune,—but she, alas! is blind, and may deceive."

Reginald proceeded to Orange. Franciscus, from disliking the parade of armed attendants, had ridden forward with Hobson and the led horses; and the Gascon accompanied him, in order

to have the first choice of provision and accommodation.

Nothing particular occurred until their arrival at Loriot, where, on account of a severe thunderstorm, which, as usual, alarmed Franciscus, Reginald determined to pass the night.

The inn was of the worst description, and frequented only by muleteers. Franciscus, between fright and fatigue, determined to retire at an early hour; but, on arriving at his chamber, he found it occupied by a stout-built muleteer, who, from his dress and appearance, seemed to be the leader of the party which had lately arrived, and the members of which were now enjoying themselves around a large fire, kindled by them on the outside of the house.

The chief of these muleteers appeared to be extremely intoxicated. Franciscus endeavoured to explain that it was his apartment; but the Provençal either could not, or would not, understand what he said. De Chapennes, hearing an altercation, ran into the apartment, and insisted on the

drunkard's retreat;—but in vain: the possessor laughed at their threats and importunities.

At length, Le Bayard, having talked himself hoarse, put one hand on his sword, and with the other laid hold of the collar of his opponent's jacket. The muleteer seized the heavy whip, with which he was accustomed to belabour other beasts as obstinate as himself, and having released his collar with one hand from the grasp of his adversary, he, with the accustomed prelude of one flourish in the air, brought the doubled lash in full contact with the face of the unfortunate Bayard. The tears gushed from his eyes, and the blood spouted from his nostrils, as he measured his length upon the ground.

Hobson, happening to pass by, determined to play his part, and to support the overthrown, whom the muleteer was about to punish for falling. He was an expert wrestler, and knew something of fisty-cuff. He closed with his adversary; and with two well-applied blows, a kick on the shin, and a whirl round, was nearly master; but the loss of blood sobered, while it enraged the muleteer.

"Sangue! sangue! diable!" shouted he. He threw himself backward into a chair, and, with a jerk, contrived to send Hobson over him, who fell heavily, and not gracefully, on the tiled floor.

Franciscus had, in the commencement of the argument between the Gascon and muleteer, retired to the entrance-hall, where he related to Reginald what had happened. Le Jeune Lion sprung up stairs, and arrived at the moment when Hobson fell.

Reginald seized the muleteer, and carrying him to the open window of the passage, threw him unceremoniously, even without the useful admonition, "Garde!" into the street. He then commanded Hawkwood to barricado the entrance.

The noise of the fall, and the vociferations of the Provençal, collected his muleteers around him, and they determined to revenge the insult offered to their leader. The owners of the house were afraid to take part: they equally dreaded the power of the higher, as they feared the revenge of the lower party. They, however, assisted in closing up the doors and windows, and then re-

treated into their kitchen, the entrance to which they barred, and sat down to await the event of the siege.

Reginald made the best dispositions which his small force would admit of. Franciscus was placed in the chamber selected as the most defensible of the tenement, and upon which they were, in case of necessity, to retreat. Hawkwood had the charge of the principal entrance. Hobson was posted in a gallery which commanded the entrance stairs; while Reginald, fully armed, attended by the Gascon, moved from point to point, to ascertain and oppose danger.

The bravest among the muleteers determined on a forcible entry: the experienced and cautious thought of surprise and stratagem. There was a shed at the back of the house from which they could climb to a window in the upper part of the building. They collected their panniers, and piled them up so as to mount, which enabled them cautiously to make an entrance and attack in the rear of Reginald and the Gascon.

Hobson roared out, "Take care!" Reginald

turned half round; the Gascon jumped on one side; Hobson brought his cross-bow to bear; and the leader of the invaders fell.

Reginald attacked, but wished more to intimidate than injure: he beat them over the head and back with his spear, and many fell and were trampled upon by others pressing forwards. The cries of the overthrown muleteers redoubled the energies of those below, and the door was burst open. Hawkwood wielded his battle-axe with success; and each new-comer found himself in the house certainly, but without the ability of making use of his entrée, and heartily wishing himself out again. Still they rushed on, and Hobson, who was ordered to join his comrade, saluted them with his two-handed staff.

Thus matters were likely to come to a serious issue, when the sound of a trumpet announced the advance of troops.

Reginald ordered Hawkwood to sound the signal for rapid advance. In a few minutes the party attacking were surrounded and compelled to submit.

It was a fortunate interruption for both parties: manly courage, skill, and tried weapons, were on one side; natural ferocity, numbers, and drunken valour, on the other. If half the muleteers had fallen, and the remainder had persevered, they would most probably have been successful.

The Count de Lunheim had desired Hermann to advance with a body of the cavalry, as he did not consider it dignified for a governor and general to enter Orange without a proper armed attendance. The young officer arrived in good time to release his commander from a perilous position.

It happened that Hermann was acquainted with the usages of these worthy wanderers; and a purse of money, and some additional jugs of wine and eau-de-vie, arranged the matter to the satisfaction of all parties.

The Gascon recommended the brandy to be applied to the wounds; but an old muleteer said, "Nonsense! nonsense! vinegar will do well enough for their heads; put the eau-de-vie into their stomachs."

CHAP. XLI.

ORANGE.

Reginald soon perceived that he had acted incautiously in advancing without armed attendants; for in the road which he had to pass, there were strongholds belonging to various barons and nobles, who robbed and murdered as their wants or wishes induced.

When they arrived at Orange, Franciscus, to whom the remarks on the castles of Dongère, Montdragon and Mornas, had been addressed in vain, could scarcely find words strong enough to speak his delight at seeing the superb trophy of Roman valour which stands in a plain near the entrance of the town. He passed some hours in examining this beautiful triumphal arch, which some say was erected in honor of Marius, some, of Domitius Ænobarbus; others, of Julius, and others again, of Augustus Cæsar. The theatre

next demanded Franciscus's attention, and certainly was worthy of the time bestowed upon it. It is the only good relic in France which can show what grandeur the Roman people considered it necessary to display, even in their buildings for theatrical amusements. The youthful poet proceeded at an early hour to Avignon, accompanied by the Gascon, who had directions to provide a palace for the reception of Count Agenor and his young bride.

On the following day, the Count arrived, and the newly-married couple seemed delighted with themselves and every thing which they had seen.

"Agenor has complained of the accommodation," said Aurélie; "but I thought it excellent: then I know he considered me, and not himself: to be sure, that auberge in which you were besieged was not of a superior quality; but we were enabled to reach Montelemart in the evening, and only refreshed our horses at Loriot. There we heard the host and hostess describe your marvellous deeds. Poor folks! they were fearful your valour, Reginald, would be their ruin;—for those

muleteers are such revengeful people! we gave some broad pieces of gold to console them, which seemed to have some effect: but be not impatient, knight!—hear the sequel. A party of muleteers arrived, and even before eating or drinking, ordered the dame to show the window out of which their chief had been thrown. The poor woman was too frightened to move; but a little girl pointed it out; and the men seemed highly amused at the idea of what a shake it must have given their fat chief; so, my dear knight, there is no great danger of ruin. I should rather think it will be the making of their fortune; and I recommended them to put your badge as a sign:—the young lion springing on a wild boar. Agenor gave them money to have it executed, and a man is to be sent to Valence to employ the bishop's principal artist: so, my knight, you will be signalized wherever you go."

"Come, Countess, and view the Roman remains," said De Vavasour: "it will be more agreeable than mocking a poor knight."

Reginald repeated the remarks of Franciscus, and

appeared to be as conversant in Roman history as in military tactics. "There was true pleasure," said he, "in gaining a battle, when you were sure to have your victory so recorded, as to make your name live for ages."

"That is very true," replied Aurélie; "it was very delightful; but there is one little fault attached to the mode in which it was executed; for instance, neither you nor Franciscus know to whom this arch was erected;—and some of the people here say, that the word Mario means a Gothic or Vandalic chief, and not Caius Marius, of what my husband calls ferocious memory. You must know, Sir Reginald, Agenor has already commenced his instructions; and I hope, before you have gained seven pitched battles,—counting the affairs of Vienne and Loriot for two,—to be able to converse, and perhaps argue, with Franciscus himself."

Agenor declared that she was a much better scholar than he a master. "I should wish, my beloved," said he, "to remain some time at Avignon, as Franciscus could then teach you Italian."

The Count de Roussillon spoke of the good qualities of Pope John. His daughter said: "My dear father, you praise every one; but I believe, from what Agenor says, (and his informant is Franciscus,) that in private life the pope is kind; but that he is very fond of meddling in the affairs of others."

"With respect to his public life, or political views," returned her father, "I am not capable of speaking;—indeed, I am too old to take any interest in such events."

The Bishop of Orange arrived to pay his respects, and to express his hopes that the accommodation provided had been suitable to their high birth, and the dignity attached to an envoy from the court of France.

The party, generally, under pretence of fatigue, declined accepting the invitation of the bishop, preferring to pass the evening in cheerful conversation; but Monsieur de Chapennes and Hermann were easily persuaded to visit the palace, and pass their judgment on the wines and viands. On the following day the party reached Avignon; the

approach to which Aurélie thought rather fatiguing, as the traveller sees the town for such a length of time before he can reach it, on account of the winding of the Rhone. The old walls were in ruins, and the general appearance of the city was filthy and miserable. A guard of honor, composed of curiously-equipped soldiers, waited at the gate to escort the envoy to the castle of the knights of St. John.

CHAP. XLII.

THE RED ROSE.

We will not describe the entry into Avignon: a circumstance occurred, however, which it may not be considered irrelevant to notice. As Reginald rode in front, he could not help remarking the extraordinary notice which a young and very handsome damsel had taken either of himself, his dress, or his horse,—or of all three.

With a vehemence almost Italian, this enraptured lady pointed out to all around her the object of her admiration; and, in short, seemed determined that he, as well as all the world, should know the conquest he had made. When the party halted, a grave-looking personage touched the arm of Reginald, and, with one finger to his mouth, delivered a small roll of paper: on it were these words,—"Look for a red rose."

On the day of audience, Reginald, on entering the hall of state, saw a red rose affixed to a white scarf, which hung from the staff of a gentleman usher, whom he recognised; and beneath this emblem of Venus, sat the beauty who had exhibited such signs of enthusiasm. Reginald was too much occupied with his own thoughts respecting this occurrence, to perceive that the pope had taken his seat: Franciscus gently laid his hand upon that of his friend, and Reginald marched with Agenor to the presentation.

The dignity of the papal power did not appear in the number of attendants; but Reginald saw, at the first glance, that John, though old, was men-

tally strong, and determined to uphold his station.

The cardinal secretary read the letter delivered by Agenor. "You are presented to his holiness," said he, "under the designation of Count Agenor de Montleans; whereas Count Rodolphe is here named as the accredited agent of the court of France."

"My father," replied Agenor, "has received permission to employ me in the service of the king, he himself having other duties to perform: I therefore humbly attend the orders of his holiness."

"You are welcome to ou court," said the pope, as he gave the envoy his blessing.

Agenor then presented Reginald, who, on rising from his obeisance, caught the eye of the fair object of attraction, and saw, or fancied he saw, a look of commiseration for the humiliating posture he had been obliged by custom to adopt.

As they retired, the gentleman usher contrived to give the white scarf with the red rose to Regi-

nald, accompanying his donation with the question —"Where do you live?"

"At the palace of the knights of St. John."

"This evening, at seven, expect me in the court-yard."

CHAP. XLIII.

THE FAIR INCOGNITA.

BEFORE the appointed hour, Reginald was pacing the court-yard with anxious steps, wrapped in his military cloak, and nearly as ardent for the interview as he was at Vienne for the encounter; though in the latter, it ought to be remarked, he grew cooler as the danger became more apparent, whereas at present each moment increased his impatience. At length, he heard the voice of the usher giving breath to the delightful sounds, "Follow me." They passed through many wind-

ing dirty streets, and at last halted near the ruined ramparts. A small door led to a garden, formed by the hand of taste, and adorned with all the art which luxurious fancy could desire: it was worthy of the precincts of the Paphian bowers, and deserved the admiration of any fortunate youth, whom love or destiny had permitted to enter within its boundaries. For this favored hero, however, shrubs and flowers had no charms: he rushed towards a pavilion which led to a turret, and his conductor disappeared.

Reginald was alone, and fancied the moments hours: he imagined himself deceived and mocked. A soft voice at length struck his ear; he listened, and distinctly heard, "Chevalier! Chevalier!" A door was softly opened: he entered a tastefully-decorated apartment, and was the next moment at the feet of the fair incognita, whose averted head prevented him from ascertaining whether or not the features were those of the youthful damsel he had twice seen. The lady did not speak, and Reginald also remained silent. At last, the fair incognita held back a part of her veil, and Regi-

nald saw the sparkling eyes of the Lady of the Rose.

His expressions were as ardent as his passion was violent and sudden. It was the first time that the little mischievous urchin had said, "I will throw away an arrow on that youth."

"I declare, sir knight," said the fair one, "it is impossible to say which becomes you most,—this simply-elegant white dress, your splendid purple robes, or your armour; for in so short a time I have seen you in three characters;—nay, in a fourth; for there was a certain youth in a hunting suit, on horseback early this morning, in search of some fair object of adoration ——"

"Which he has now found."

"I dare say. I see you have won some maiden's heart. You now wear the emblem of purity:—this noon, I think, it was blue céleste?"

"The gift of an amiable and virtuous lady: I did not, however, think it would be gallant to wear the colors of one fair lady in the presence of another."

"Beautiful and virtuous!" replied the damsel:

"all ladies are so estimated in the first moments of love:—and so it was a love gift?"

"No, on the honor of a knight."

"Of a nameless one, I suppose?"

"Not quite nameless, though not worthy of being named. I am called Reginald De Vavasour.

"Simply, De Vavasour! and your device, I saw, was a young lion springing on a boar, with the motto, 'Ardor in virtute.'"

"You have some acquaintance with Latin as well as heraldry?"

"Yes, my father is of studious habits: my mother died when I was an infant; so my father made me his companion; and my knowledge of Ovid, Horace, Catullus, and Tibullus, has been, I am ashamed to say, more agreeable to me than the Lives of the Saints. You say I am to call you plainly De Vavasour?"

"By the grace of his most Christian majesty, King Charles, I am also called Marquis of Montserrent."

"It is a very pretty title: I almost envy the person destined to be the Marchioness."

"Your envy may cease; glory must be my mistress."

"If I were a handsome young knight, I should seek one more substantial; some good specimen of flesh and blood."

"I have been promised the hand of a lady of high rank."

"Well then, I am to consider you an engaged, as well as an engaging young man; and I now own to you that I am an engaged young woman."

"And I may add, truly, a captivating one." Saying this, Reginald knelt and kissed her hand.

The lady, instead of desiring him to rise, was occupied in observing the gracefulness of his position; and placing one hand playfully on his shoulder, took up, with the other, the medallion which hung above his left breast.

"This, too, is a lady's ornament."

"It once belonged to the mother of my friend,

who gave it to me, and who also is the husband of the lady I named."

"Or more properly speaking, did not name. But I was about to say, that my father has tyrannically determined I should marry a person whom I never saw, and who does not want a wife, but an heir to his estates. If my beloved, that is to be so considered, does not choose to arrive before January, I am to be sent as a parlour boarder to the convent of St. Clara; for my father intends taking a journey to Bologna, to consult upon some deep question of philosophy. If he does send me to the convent, I am determined to study the decisions of the Cours d'Amour from the days of the Countess de Champagne to the present hour. My father says I am not old enough to be married yet; but I know better than he does. I cannot and will not love the husband he compels me to marry; but I will be honest enough to acknowledge that which a more experienced person would be too cunning to confess; and which is neither more nor less than,—that I am quite sure I could love somebody else."

Then, throwing off her veil, she added :—" Look at me: am I not shaped like a woman?" saying which, she walked up and down before a mirror of polished steel, which from the lights reflected as classic a form as the sculptors of Psyche could select for a model.

Reginald was young and inexperienced, but not timid; and recollecting the caresses bestowed on him by Queen Isabel, he seized the gay papillon, and imprinted several warm salutations on the rosy lips of this would-be woman: her eyes sparkled, but whether with anger or love, Reginald did not know; so he guessed the former. He knelt; he entreated forgiveness; he uttered a rhapsody of excuses; while the fair turned away her head, not to conceal her frowns, but to stifle a rising inclination to laughter; and she almost said, " My young knight may be au fait to the bearing of a cavalier, but he has yet to understand the beating of a woman's heart." Her thoughts were, however, interrupted by a warm pressure of the hand; and, as gentleness was not the character of Le Jeune Lion, she absolutely cried out with pain.

" Did you call, Mademoiselle?" demanded a shrill female voice.

" No, Alice, thank you, I did not," replied the vivacious girl.

" There is your father's bell, Ma'amselle," pursued the woman.

" Begone, dear Reginald," exclaimed his charmer; " fly, or I am lost! there is your way to the garden: the door fastens with a spring."

She accompanied him to the tower, where the dimness of light hid the blushes of a fond farewell.

CHAP. XLIV.

LOVERS' VOWS.

Reginald and Agenor passed the next morning in escorting Aurélie to the various objects worthy of notice in the environs of Avignon. After the mid-day repast, our hero was left at liberty to pursue his own wishes, and the first visit he paid was to Franciscus.

The spirits of this enlightened youth were much depressed by the constant anxiety of his mind, although he was to all appearance patient and composed.

On leaving his friend, Reginald strolled about the town, endeavouring, but in vain, to discover the garden gate of which we have spoken; and returned to his residence evening after evening, without accomplishing his object.

He had received a letter which made it neces-

sary for him to communicate with the fair incognita. Returning at dusk to the hotel, he saw the gentleman usher, who said:—"I have been, sir, here every evening at seven."

"And I," returned Reginald, "have been every evening wandering until nine."

"Follow me, sir knight," replied the other.

Reginald now again entered the bower of his lady-love.

"I thought," exclaimed she, "Sir Reginald had forsaken one who seemed too easy a conquest for his glory-loving spirit."

Reginald protested by all the saints in the calendar that he had never closed his eyes; that he had left off his customary food and manly exercises; and that, evening after evening, when he left the house of sorrow where Franciscus dwelt, he had searched Avignon for the garden of the Hesperides.

"And if," answered the damsel, "instead of such a wandering chase, you had moved homeward, you would have found a civil dragon with a useful key."

"And now, lovely fair, that I have found the object of my adoration, it pains me to say, to-morrow I depart!"

"Heavens!" exclaimed the girl, in a desponding tone, "not to-morrow."

"My orders are too positive," rejoined our hero; "and glory's golden rays animate me to pursue the path which obedience makes me enter: yet it is painful to say adieu."

"Reginald," replied the unknown, "I will not so part with you. You must tell me every thing regarding yourself. You must be candid with me, and I will be —— no matter what; grateful for your candour, if you will. Now, Reginald, relate to me what your prospects are; whose will it is you are bound to obey, and whether you have parents to whom you owe obedience. Tell me all. But before you begin, let me take a survey of the family. I have bribed Alice; but there are others in this house who pry into what does not concern them.

"My father has been in the country since the morning, and does not return until the morning of

to-morrow. If there is not any one concealed in these chambers, by fastening the door leading to the great staircase, and also that leading to the garden, we shall be free from all interruption except from Alice, and I will lock her in. A piece of gold is a great worker of good or evil, as it may be applied. Now, Reginald, carry that lamp, and if there is a man concealed, blow it out, and act for yourself; if there is a woman, I will shut her up with Alice, and between us we will take care to have her for a friend. I hate to have spies placed upon my actions; and my father is induced by that wicked hypocrite, the chaplain, who had the audacity to make love to me, to watch all my movements. Confide in a woman, and she will not betray;—suspect her, and she will give cause for suspicion."

The damsel led the way, no longer looking like Psyche, but like an animated being, alive to the sensations of anger, and not dead to those of love.

They carefully searched the adjoining apartment, but no one was discovered in ambush: the

doors were fastened, the sword laid aside, the cloak thrown away.

" Before I relate the few particulars of my life," said De Vavasour, " may I ask the name of her who reigns in my heart ?"

" I am Cecile de Cominges," replied she.

Reginald proceeded, and his fair auditress sighed when he spoke of the real or supposed misfortunes of his parents.

" It would appear, Reginald," observed she, " that you are the child of love, and yet you know not its dominion; while I, the offspring of indifference and study, am yet a slave to the feelings which gave you birth, but which do not seem to animate the being they made. Such results must puzzle philosophy."

" It is true, Cecile," rejoined the young chieftain, " that my heart was marble until your eyes softened its obduracy. I felt my own unhappiness, my own forlorn state; and I imagined that every one was as cold to me as fortune, except Queen Isabel. Since my arrival in this more

southern hemisphere, the sun has shone even on me; and now you, Cecile, who are more worthy of my devoirs than language can paint,—you deign to cast a thought on an unacknowledged orphan."

"Speak no more as to your own demerits, Reginald," answered Cecile; "in my eyes you are a prince, and I trust that I shall live to see you one in reality."

"Cecile de Cominges," replied he, "shall be my leading star: if she loves glorious deeds, mine shall not shame her, should I be selected as her chosen knight."

"I make the choice," returned she, in serious accents; "I give you my whole heart, let my father dispose of my hand how he will: but, Reginald, you must vow, on the honor of a true knight, constancy and fidelity."

"By my expectations of glory and honor, by every hope of happiness, by your own bright eyes, by all and every saint and martyr, I swear."

"Reginald, I will trust you without an oath. They say that lovers' vows and ladies' promises are

made only to be broken: but my knight must not leave me?"

"My orders are imperative: to-morrow I must depart."

"Stay here then till to-morrow!" exclaimed the enamoured girl.

END OF VOL. I.